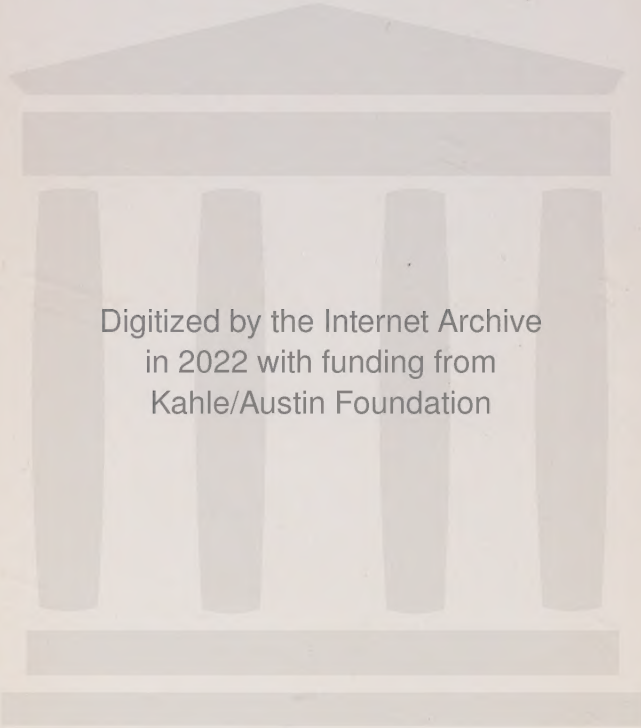


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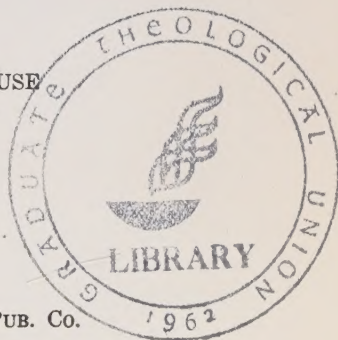
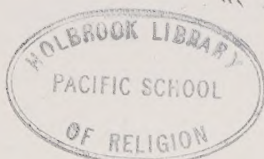


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# CHRISTMAS BUDGET OF RECITATIONS AND PLAYS

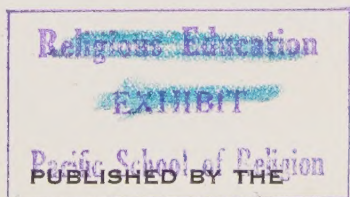


Compiled by  
ARTHUR HOWARD STROUSE



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## The Christmas Story

1. And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch over their flocks by night. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

2. And the angel said unto them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

3. And this is the sign unto you: "Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

4. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased."

5. And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

6. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child.

7. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds.

8. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

Luke 2:8-20 "These verses taken by permission from the American Standard Version."

### Spirit of Christmas

Wide roll the gates of Heaven to honor the Holy Night,  
Forth flows divinest music, glows the celestial light,  
Fragrance of flowers immortal wafts, for the Saviour's  
birth,

God's great blessing to sanctify and cheer the war worn  
earth.

Vanish all sordid passions, the grim heart cankering  
horde—

Powers of darkness flying from the flash of Saint  
Michael's sword.

Faith bears the cheering message, stirring the nations all,  
Gallant fraternized armies, glad at the kindred call,  
Making the pulses tingle, the heart's blood merrily flow,  
Red as the holly's berries, warm as the Yule log's glow.  
Kindness reigns in the dawning, speeding with gladsome  
feet

Joy to the man on the prairie, joy to the man in the street.

So does God's ocean of mercy spread out its radiant foam,  
So does the Christmas Spirit float in the Christmas Home.

### Brother Christ

By Henry Gekeler

Once more we look  
Into a tender baby's face.  
In stable's nook  
He lies, God's Gift of wondrous grace,  
Meek Mary's boy;  
So like is He to each of us,  
That kindled joy  
And song break forth tumultuous.



He's not ashamed  
To call me brother! He who was  
By Heaven acclaimed,  
To earth came down, espoused my cause;  
To succor me  
Was tempted, suffered, tasted death—  
Today may He  
Be praised as long as I have breath.

O Brother Christ!  
The Christmas joy I'd show to those  
By sin enticed,  
Who've stumbled, fallen, gotten woes;  
To help the least  
Of these believe Thy grace, for me  
A Christmas feast  
Would make, for him who strayed, and Thee.

## At Bethlehem

By Joseph A. Richards

"It shall be taxed," said Caesar. And at once  
The mighty enginery of empire moved  
To grind a grist of gold from all who lived  
Between the millstones of the Roman rule.  
And all the world was taxed, and Joseph too  
At Bethlehem.

"It shall be blessed." Jehovah spake, and lo—  
An angel sped to tell a lowly maid  
That through her Spirit-fathered Son the earth  
In all its families should know God's love.  
And angels sang and shepherds heard of peace  
At Bethlehem.

## **I Am Always Very Happy**

I am always very happy  
When I hear the joy-bells chime;  
For each note of their sweet music  
Tells me: "It is Christmas-time."  
So with happy heart I carol  
Tidings of my Saviour's birth;  
Singing: "Hallelujah!  
"Peace, good-will on earth."

## **A Christmas Carol**

By F. L. Hosmer

Not over great Jerusalem  
Rested the mystic star of old,  
But over little Bethlehem,  
In holy legend we are told.  
It passed the mighty of the earth,  
The pride of wealth, the pomp of kings,  
To mark a prophet's lowly birth,  
And shame the scorn of common things.  
Not beat of drum, nor bugle cry,  
Announced the prophet's coming reign,  
But "Glory be to God on high,  
On earth be peace, good will to men."  
The watching shepherds heard with awe,  
And felt the brush of unseen wings,  
While from afar the magi saw,  
And joyful came with offerings.  
Still go before us, mystic star,  
Our dull and blinded eyes to clear,  
We follow with the magi far,  
And with the wond'ring shepherds hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,  
We sing with them the Christmas strain,  
"All glory be to God on high,  
On earth be peace, good will to men."

## Christmas, Christmas!

By Minnie L. Upton

Christmas, Christmas, all the world around!  
Christmas, Christmas! O the joyful sound!  
All the bells are ringing,  
All the stars are bright,  
All the children, singing,  
Hail the happy night!

Happy, happy! Yes, for you and me.  
Happy, happy, all the world shall be,  
After we have told them  
Of our Saviour's birth,  
Jesus, who will fold them  
Safe from ills of earth.

Jesus, Jesus, born in Bethlehem!  
Jesus, Jesus, come to earth for them;  
Come to live so lowly  
That each human heart  
Turns to Him, the Holy,  
With its ache and smart.

Christmas, Christmas! Shall we sing it still?  
Christmas, Christmas! Over vale and hill  
Tell the wondrous story,  
Swell the joyful sound,  
Till the Christ in glory  
Everywhere is crowned!

## Christmas Song

By N. B. Turner

Sing, sing at Christmas time;  
Bells ring; bells chime;  
Candles, burn; holly, glow;  
Christmas is for love, you know!  
Sing, sing on Christmas night;  
Stars, shine still and white,  
As you shone long ago—  
Christmas is for love, you know!

## “To Wise Men, Shepherds, People All”

By George H. Lorah, D.D.

There's a glow upon the hillside where the shepherds vigil  
keep;  
There's a hush upon the little town where drowsy mortals sleep;  
While soft and low the breezes blow,  
And through the street an echo sweet  
From angels' song steals softly by.  
From midnight skies the stars look down with bright and  
shining eyes;  
The little town of Bethlehem beneath them darkly lies;  
But brighter far than fairest star,  
Upon the night there shines a light—  
A star on wondrous mission sent.  
From hillside, leaving flocks uncared, there comes a shepherd band;  
While wise men three with dust-stained garb draw near  
from distant land;  
And one and all they prostrate fall,  
And gifts they bring while worshipping  
A gentle babe in manger bare.



What means this glow on eastern hill, this bright and  
radiant star?

Why come these shepherds from their flocks, the wise men  
from afar?

That Babe so fair in manger bare  
Is God's own Son, and here has come  
To seek and save a guilty world.

The angels' song has passed away, the hillside glow has  
gone;

The guiding star no more shines out, from East no wise  
men come;

But still to earth our Saviour's birth  
Brings joy and peace that never cease,  
To wise men, shepherds, people all.

## A Christmas Song

Emilie Poulsson

While stars of Christmas shine,  
Lighting the skies,  
Let only loving looks  
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring  
Joyous and clear,  
Speak only happy words  
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,  
And in love take;  
Gladden the poor and sad  
Lor love's dear sake.

## The Call of the Christ-Child

By Arthur H. Strouse

*Scene I—Stable in Bethlehem.*

The scene shows dimly the exterior of a straw-thatched stable with a wide open doorway.

Singing by hidden chorus—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Mary and Joseph enter from left, looking about as if seeking something.

MARY—"Such crowds, my beloved, I have never seen before, I fear there is no place to stay. I am weary, for we have come afar."

JOSEPH—"Fear not, the Lord will provide a place for us. All day I have felt His presence near, and it seemed to me that it has been holy ground wherever we trod. What is that yonder?" (points to stable.)

MARY—"Tis a stable. No doubt, it will be sufficient shelter for us."

Joseph assists Mary to dismount and both enter the stable. (*An attendant, dressed like a shepherd, leads the donkey away.*)

Choir sings "Silent Night."

*Scene II—Stable in darkness.*

Enter Shepherds from left and right, and seat themselves in foreground (light sufficient to show them in silhouette). Choir sings A Christmas Carol (page 15).

FIRST SHEPHERD: "What a strange night this has been. Look yonder, the wondrous star that hovers over

Bethlehem. It seems to be approaching. My bones seem to be quaking within me."

(A large star is lighted, and slowly lowered so that its rays fall on the stable.)

SECOND SHEPHERD: "So do mine. I, too, am wondering what is to happen."

THIRD SHEPHERD: "Hark! I hear wondrous melody. (All listen, enrapt and awe stricken.)

Choir sings softly two stanzas and chorus to each stanza "The First Noell." At close of song an angel appears to Shepherds and sings "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings" (A little girl with a good voice may render this selection.) After the solo, other angels with lighted candles appear on each side of entrance to stable and sing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." A spot light is centered on the shepherds. Shepherds prostrate themselves to ground with arms outstretched before them. Angels retire as lights go out.

FIRST SHEPHERD: "Let us go and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us."

Shepherds approach stable. The spot light is then focused on the Manger Scene.

### *Scene III.*

Mary is seated before the manger singing a lullaby. At the close of the song the shepherds approach and kneel before Mary and the Babe in attitude of prayer. Lights are brightened and The Magi come on stage. Choir sings "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

*Scene IV.*

Kings approach Mary bearing in their hands: one a box, another a crown, and the third one jewels. A large white cloth is spread at Mary's feet and the gifts are placed upon it. Attendants holding up the trains of the Kings also kneel and worship. The chorus sings (Song selected), and while the singing is in progress all who participated in the play gather and sing. Others who have gifts for Church or other causes, bring them forward at this time.

## COSTUMES

The costuming and grouping should have the effect of the old Italian painting of the Nativity, rather than keep strictly to historically Eastern styles. The colors should be soft and rich, and material heavy enough to fall in graceful folds. Headdresses may be of two kinds—the Turban, a soft scarf wound tight around the head; the other, a piece of cloth draped, Arab fashion, over head and shoulders, and confined by a narrow band around the crown.

## MARY

Mary should be dressed in an old rose garment of no particular style.

## JOSEPH

Joseph wears a long brown garment, girdled at the waist, and should wear sandals but no stockings. He carries a staff. His hair and beard are long.

## SHEPHERDS

Shepherds are dressed in skins, with arms and legs bare. Smocks of blue, and green may be worn. Legs may be wrapped to the knees with strips of cloth. They



should wear shapeless, baggy caps, and carry shepherds' crooks.

#### ANGELS

Angels wear long flowing garments of lemon Tartan over white night-dresses. Their hair should be long, and should hang loosely over their shoulders.

#### THE WISE MEN (MAGI)

The Wise Men or Kings may be effectively costumed from the wardrobe of some order or lodge. Where these are not available, long Oriental garments and turbans will be just as good. The colors should be rich in tone.

#### THE STABLE

The stable may be constructed by placing 2x4 scantlings shed fashion, and covering all with straw. The entrance may be tree trunks shaped like an open doorway.

#### THE STAR

The star may be constructed of a small box back of a tin cut-out. The opening should be covered with amber cloth or paper. The back of the box to be lined with black cloth, or painted black. The opening of the star should be about ten inches across from point to point. The wiring should be arranged so that the star may be lowered or raised as desired.

#### *Kneeling Cushions*

Kneeling cushions will make kneeling easier, and may be used as markings for various stations.

#### SPOTLIGHTS

If a real spotlight is not available, a drop light may be used. An automobile spotlight, or a shaded light which may be turned off or on.

## MANGER

The manger should be crude and filled with straw or hay. An incandescent light placed inside will give a mysterious glow.

## MUSIC

It is advisable to appoint one person whose sole duty it shall be to inform the organist or pianist when to begin playing.

**A Christmas Hymn**

By Mary T. Richardson

Turn back, O World, from this wild today,  
From the whirr of wheels and the clash of arms,  
The clamor of toil and war's alarms—  
Turn back to that silent, starry night  
When, under the angels' wings of light  
The shepherds knelt to pray.

Turn back, O World, from the pomp and pride,  
The glitter of gold and the shout of power,  
From the arrogant blare of this little hour;  
Turn back to the peace of that far-off day,  
And the Babe that in a manger lay,  
The lowing ox beside.

Turn back from a time of greed and scorn,  
Of toiling childhood and age forgot,  
From a day that seeing, seeth not!  
Turn back to the love of Mary mild,  
And the faith that, seeking for the Child,  
Found God, that holy morn.

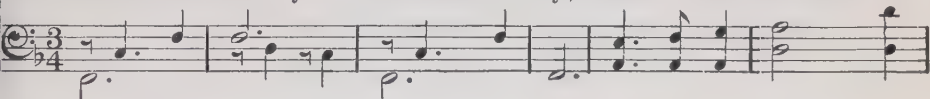
# A Christmas Carol.

MALANA A. HARRIS.

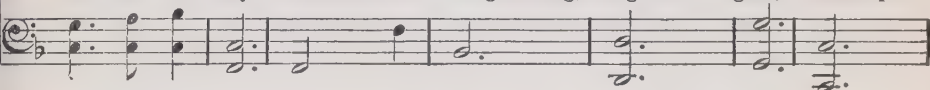
REV. W. A. BARTLETT.



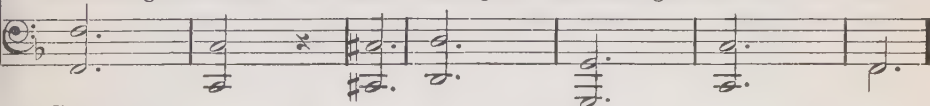
1. Shepherds were watching their sheep thro' the night, When from the heav - ens there
2. "Joy for all peo-ple, oh be not a - fraid, Lo in a man - ger the
3. Wise men were shown by a star where He lay; Faith is the star that will



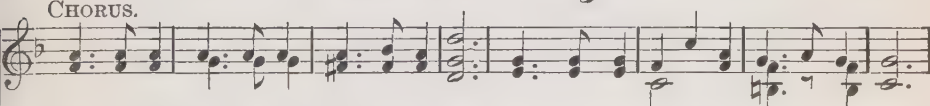
came a great light; An - gels said "fear not, glad tid - ings we bring, Je - sus is  
ba - by is laid." Heav - en - ly hosts help the tid - ings to bring, "Glory to  
show us the way. Words that the an - gels sang, sing we a - gain, "Peace upon



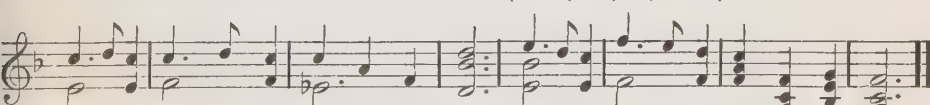
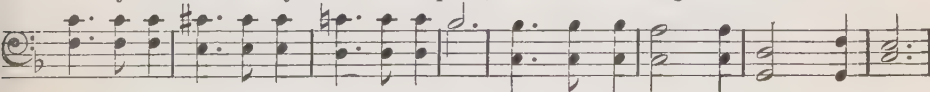
born to you, Sav - iour and King, Je - sus is born to you, Sav - iour and King."  
God in the high - est", they sing, "Glo - ry to God in the highest", they sing.  
earth and good will un - to men, Peace up - on earth and good will un - to men."



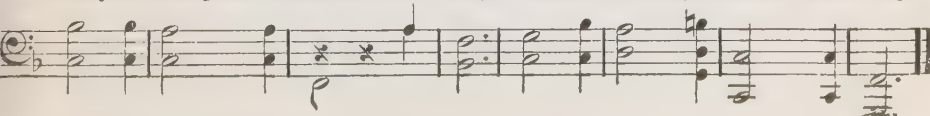
## CHORUS.



Soft - ly and ten - der - ly o - ver the plain, Came from the angels the sweetest re - frain,



"Glory to God, peace on earth now we bring, Jesus is born to you, Saviour and King."



## Christmas

Susan Coolidge

How did they keep his birthday then,  
The little fair Christ, so long ago?  
O, many there were to be housed and fed,  
And there was no place in the inn they said,  
So into the manger Christ must go,  
To lodge with the cattle and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,  
They munched and they slumbered, wondering not,  
And out in the midnight cold and blue  
The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept, too,  
Till the angels' song and the bright star ray  
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and praised,  
And only the shepherds came to see,  
And the rest of the world cared not at all  
For the little Christ in the oxen's stall;  
And we are angry and amazed  
That such a dull, hard thing should be!

How do we keep his birthday now?  
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic — and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we so much better, then, than they  
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?  
To them a helpless babe, — to us  
He shines a Saviour glorious,  
Our Lord, our Friend, our All — yet we  
Are half asleep this Christmas day.



# Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings.

*Moderato.*

F. LESTER PRICE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Fear not, for be - hold I bring you good ti-dings, Good ti-dings of great joy, Which shall be to all peo - ple. For un-to you is born this day in the cit - y of Da-vid, A Sav - ior which is Christ the Lord, which is Christ the Lord.' The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f, dim.), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (rall., 3). The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line is a single melody line.

*p*

Fear not, for be - hold I bring you good ti-dings, Good

*p*

*f* *dim.*

ti-dings of great joy, Which shall be to all peo - ple.

*f* *dim.*

For un-to you is born this day in the cit - y of Da-vid, A

*f* *3 rall.*

Sav - ior which is Christ the Lord, which is Christ the Lord.

*f* *rall.*

## Christmas Bells

Eugene Field

Why do bells for Christmas ring?  
Why do little children sing?  
Once a lovely shining star  
Seen by shepherds from afar,  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger cradle bright.  
There a darling baby lay  
Pillowed soft upon the hay;  
And the mother sang and smiled,  
This is Christ the Holy Child.  
Therefore bells for Christmas ring,  
Therefore little children sing.

## If You're Good

Santa Claus will come tonight  
If you're good,  
And do what you know is right,  
As you should.  
Down the chimney he will creep,  
Bringing you a woolly sheep,  
And a doll that goes to sleep,  
If you're good.  
  
Santa Claus will drive his sleigh,  
Through the wood;  
But he'll come around this way  
If you're good,  
With a wind-up bird that sings  
And a puzzle made of rings,  
He will bring you cars that go.  
If you're good.

Jumping jacks and funny things  
If you're good.  
And a rocking-horsey, Oh!  
If he would,  
And a dolly that can sneeze  
That says, "Mamma" when you squeeze—  
He'll bring you one of these  
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,  
As he should;  
But it makes him very glad  
When you're good.  
He is wise and he's a dear;  
Just do right and never fear:  
He'll remember you each year,  
If you're good.

### **A Little Christmas Secret**

Christmas is the time for secrets,  
So I'll whisper one to you;  
Grandpa says that all who try it  
Find that every word is true.  
"Would you have a happy day?  
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret,  
Should be carried through the year;  
And if all would try to heed it,  
Earth would soon be full of cheer.  
"Would you have a happy day?  
Give some happiness away."

### Pilgrims of the Star

Seven Children dressed as America — England — Scotland — Germany — France — Asia — Africa.

America and England carry a banner embroidered with a star —they enter first and recite:

#### *America*

Long years ago, the Christmas Star  
Flashed out its glorious light!  
It pierced the hearts of those who sought  
Christ's way—through gloom and night!  
And down the years their stirring cry  
Rings as in by-gone days  
"Seek ye the Christ—the One True God—  
And follow in His ways!"

#### *England*

And we have come from distant shores  
And crossed the Ocean wide—  
To join the Pilgrims of the Star  
And march on—side by side!

#### *Both*

And we will welcome all who yearn  
To follow Him afar—  
And we will journey hand in hand,  
Led by the Christmas Star!

#### *Enter Scotland*

God has been our hope and refuge  
Through the long and toilsome years!  
He has led His people onward—  
Cheered their hearts—dispelled their fears!  
On! through pain and persecution!  
Let no doubts your courage mar—  
Strong in faith we'll follow after  
Christ's true Guide—His Christmas Star!



*Enter Germany*

We have preached the Christ—  
We have borne His Cross—  
Followed where He led—  
Suffered pain and loss!  
Onward, Pilgrims, on!  
Be it Peace or War—  
We will follow Christ  
And His Christmas Star!

**A Christmas Suggestion**

Now that the Christmas season is drawing near, one would do well to save all the good tin boxes available, for, given a coat of paint and shellac or varnish, they make ideal boxes for holding all sorts of things.

For instance, the long, tall boxes in which hard candies come may be utilized with proper decoration, painting and designing, if you wish, on the outside, to make fine receptacles for hatpins. The cans in which maple and corn syrup come may be used, when decorated, as flower pots. The cans containing hand cleaner are most adaptable, for, if good shape and size, they make fine containers for home-made candies or for small, individual plum puddings, or other home-made goodies.

If you will price the painted tin commodities in the stores you will find them rather expensive, whereas one can of paint and one of shellac or varnish will form the foundation for several, thereby saving money.

There are also other tin boxes that may be lined first, then oiled paper placed in them to prevent soilure; upon this are laid delicious home confections. These boxes can afterward be put to other uses around the dresser or table.

## Christmas Day

Josepine Van Tassel Bruorton

(Enter seven little children bearing large cards with letters printed on them)

### C

Cheerful! Be cheerful, little children!

Cheering the souls of men downcast!

Comforting all the sad and weary!

Chanting Christ's praise in Heav'n at last.

### H

Happy! be happy, little children!

Hasten to lead the blessed life!

Hearten Christ's children in their troubles—

Hindering all evil, sin, and strife.

### R

Righteous! be righteous, little children!

Raising the standard of your Lord—

Ranging yourself beneath His banner—

Ready to fight His Foes, abhorred.

### I

Innocent! Children, be innocent ever!

Imitate Christ, your Lord and King!

Injure no one in thought or action!

Into your lives his teachings bring!

### S

Steadfast! be steadfast, little children!

Sober and simple — sure and strong!

Seeking Christ's way and singing ever,

Steadily — swiftly — march along!

**T**

Trustful! be trustful, little children!  
Trusting in Christ, whate'er befall!  
True to your King though tried and tempted.  
Take heart! The dear God helpeth all!

**M**

Merry! be merry, little children!  
Manfully strive to do God's will!  
Magnify ye Christ's praise and glory!  
March in His steps and fear no ill!

**A**

Active! be active, little children!  
Anxious to do all he commands!  
Ardently strive to know his bidding—  
Aiming His will to understand.

**S**

Stainless! be stainless, little children!  
Spotless and pure as Christ, your Lord!  
Supplicate Christ that He will make you  
Sweetly submissive to His word.

**D**

Duteous! be duteous, little children!  
Direct your life that none may blame!  
Dare to do right and ye shall conquer  
Danger and Death in Jesus' Name!

**A**

Allies of Christ! O little children,  
All the world looks to you this day!  
Are ye for Christ, your Lord and Saviour!  
Act in His Name! Walk in His way!

## Y

Yield! be yielding, O ye children!

Yield ye to Christ! O watch and pray!

Yea! for your sake God sent the Saviour!

Yea! 'tis that Saviour's natal day!

**A Telephone Message**

"Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into  
To tell the folks down town what he wants to have them  
I'm going to try myself—now let me get a chair, [do.  
And then I'll stand on tiptoe so I can reach up there.

Halloo! (that's what they all say)—you dear old Santa  
Claus,

I'm going to have a little bit of talk with you, because  
I want to tell you all about a little girl I know  
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so.

I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.  
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at you,  
That you should have forgotten such a little one! but still,  
You have, perhaps, already all the stockings you can fill.

But, could you go to her house instead of coming here?  
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the year  
For children to remember poor little girls and boys  
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books and  
toys.

I want you, please, to carry her a doll with shiny curls  
And eyes that shut and open—that's the kind for little  
girls—

And a muff to warm her fingers, and a cunning little ring,  
And a book with pretty verses—how she'll laugh, the little  
thing!

And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor, you  
see,

And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could  
bring to me.

Now tell it on your fingers, and remember, as you go—  
Just pack her little stocking to the very, very toe.

That's all — only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,  
If you should have more presents than you need on Christ-  
mas Day,

And could leave me just a few as you pass the chimney—  
why,

Of course — I would be very glad indeed, Good-bye!  
Good-bye!

## Invocation

Laurene Highfield

(Concert-recitation by class of small boys)

Come Thou, our dear Lord Jesus,  
And be our Guest today;  
Enter Thou in each waiting heart,  
And with Thy children stay.

Help us to be most reverent,  
As we Thy birthday keep,  
And fill us at this Christmas-tide  
With love both pure and deep.

With love for Thee, our Saviour,  
And love for those we meet;  
Abide with us, that through Thy grace,  
Our lives may be complete.



## A Christmas Dream

Eben E. Rexford

Last Christmas-time there was a lad about as big as I  
Who ate too much plum pudding, and likewise too much  
pie.

He went to bed, and oh, dear me! what awful dreams he  
had

Because his stomach was so full and felt so very bad.

He thought a great big bird, as black as ever a crow could  
be,

Sat on the headboard of his bed and watched him sol-  
emnly.

And when he groaned in awful pain, this bird no one e'er  
saw

Spread out two big and fluttering wings, and uttered  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

He thought a giant came to him and walked about his bed,  
And put his fingers to his nose, and wagged his frightful  
head.

Then o'er the footboard of the bed he bent down very near,  
And, "Would you like some pie?" he said, and grinned  
from ear to ear.

The poor lad went to sleep again, and what do you sup-  
pose?

He thought some most enormous rats were nibbling at his  
toes.

He tried to scream; he tried to kick; but not a sound  
made he,

For this unlucky lad was sick with nightmare pains, you  
see.

He groaned, and woke. "Oh, dear!" he said, "if things  
weren't made to eat,

Why do they taste so awful good, so tempting and so  
sweet?"

Again he slept. The giant danced, the rats fell at his toes,  
As "Caw! Caw! Caw!" the big bird screamed and grabbed  
him by the nose.

He screamed, and then his mother came. "Poor boy!"  
said she, "I thought

That you would eat a great deal more than any creature  
ought."

And then she gave the suffering lad such horrid stuff to  
take;

He groaned and wondered which was worse—the medi-  
cine or ache.

They gave him good advice next day. He took it like a pill.  
And what he said the night before, the lad repeated still:  
"Things hadn't ought to taste so nice; for if a thing is  
good,

A boy don't know just when to stop, and couldn't if he  
would.

## Shine, Stars, Tonight

By Frank H. Sweet

Shine, stars, tonight! shine clear and bright!

Make earth and heaven to glow!

Shine as you did that Christmas night

Long centuries ago!

Light hill and valley as the dawn!

Make all the darkness bright!

For Christ the Saviour has been born,

And is with us tonight.

## The Little Feller's Stockin'

Joe Lincoln

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas  
air is chill,

And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on  
the hill,

And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and the Christmas  
laughter rings,

As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christ-  
mas things;

And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed  
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a  
sleepy, curly head,

And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once agin' fer me and  
you,

With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show,  
And the darns are pretty plenty 'round about the heel and  
toe,

And its color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old,  
But it really is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold;  
And the little hand that hung it by the chimblly there along  
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and  
strong;

So old Santy don't forgit it, though it isn't fine and new,  
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the  
flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us with plans all gone  
ter smash,

And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up  
the cash,

But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a  
dime,  
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?  
every time.  
And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a shower er two  
of rain,  
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll try ter not  
complain  
Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me  
and you,  
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

### Best Christmas Pudding

Take some human nature — as you find it—  
The commonest variety will do.  
Put a little graciousness behind it,  
Add a lump of charity — or two.  
Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,  
Half as much frugality — or less,  
Add some very fine consideration,  
Strain off all of poverty's distress.  
Pour some milk of human kindness in it,  
Put in all the happiness you can,  
Stir it up with laughter every minute.  
Season with goodwill toward every man.  
Set it on the fire of heart's affection,  
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise,  
Sprinkle it with kisses — for affection,  
Sweeten with a look from loving eyes.  
Flavor it with children's merry chatter,  
Frost it with the snow of wintry dells,  
Place it on a holly-garnished platter,  
And serve it with the song of Christmas bells.

## God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

Author Unknown



God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which his mother, Mary,  
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God our Heavenly Father  
A blessed angel came  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same;  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.



"Fear not," then said the angel,  
"Let nothing you affright;  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of virtue, power, and might.  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite."

The shepherds at these tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
This blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereat this infant lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary, kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy!  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas day.



## Heaven's Greetings to Our King

By Clara Broughton Conant

He was hailed with a song, when He came to our earth;  
Rich treasures were brought from afar;  
But the singers were angels, announcing His birth,  
And the Sages were led by a star.  
No trumpets resounded His birth to proclaim,  
As the midnight gave way to the dawn;  
A few humble shepherds to Bethlehem came,  
And rejoiced that the Saviour was born,  
Round His fair little head was no halo of light;  
In a manger the Innocent lay;  
Few knew our Redeemer was born on that night,  
The Eve of the first Christmas Day.

Now all round the earth rings the joyous refrain:  
"Praise God, for the Saviour is born!"  
The little ones lead in the jubilant strain,  
It gladdens the poor and forlorn.  
With the garlands of fancy the painter enwreaths  
The Babe and His mother in art,  
But sweeter to Christ is the incense that breathes  
From a lowly and penitent heart.  
As you greet on this evening so hallowed and blest,  
Your dear ones in cottage or hall,  
Oh, fling wide the door to the Heavenly Guest,  
Who longs to abide with us all.

He was hailed with a song, but more jubilant still  
Shall the new song in Paradise be,  
The song of redemption on Zion's fair Hill,  
From the lips of His ransomed, set free.  
Unveiled by earth's mists shall the Bright Morning Star  
Illumine that beautiful shore;

All who followed His guidance from near and from far  
Shall abide in the Light evermore.  
To no temple of prayer in that country so fair  
Shall the hosts of His blessed ones throng,  
For our God and the Lamb are the Temple thereof,  
Its Glory, its Sunshine and Song.

### **Christmas Joy**

**Alexander Corkey**

The Christmas joy is now abroad amongst men. It fills the soul with its peace, and thrills the heart with its love. Heaven itself seems to bend over us, and we hear the music of angel voices.

Blessed Christmastime. It gives new strength to the fainting heart and joy to the stricken soul. Let all rejoice.

### **A Christmas Song**

**Florence Evelyn Pratt**

Oh, Christmas is a jolly time  
When forests hang with snow,  
And other forests bend with toys,  
And lordly Yule-logs glow.

And Christmas is a solemn time,  
Because, beneath a star,  
The first great Christ was given  
To all men near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time  
Comes holiday and cheer;  
For one who loves a little child  
Has Christmas all the year.

## Welcome Christmas Time

“Carol, O ye children all,  
With no thought of sadness.  
Welcome in the Christmas-time,  
With your songs of gladness.”

## On the Nativity

John Milton

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around;  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;  
The helmed cherubim  
And sworded seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new born Heir,

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song,  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.



## Christmas Week

By Helen Cowles Le Cron

The kind of mysterious flurry  
That comes only once in the year,  
Mixed up with excitement and hurry  
Surprises, jokes, puzzling, good cheer  
And plenty of rushing and worry—  
All tell us that Christmas is near.

The stores are rich marvels of holly  
And gift-books and garments and toys!  
The crowds are both pushing and jolly!  
The streets are a riot of noise  
Where grown folks, with laughter and folly,  
Grow young as their girls and their boys!

It's catching — the wonderful spirit  
Of Christmas that lives in the air!  
We see it and feel it and hear it  
Before we quite know it is there,  
And happy is he who comes near it!  
He loses his burden of care!

## The Beautiful Garden of Toys

By Wallace Irwin

By the boreal pole where old Santa Claus lives  
In his cottage of taffy and glass,  
In the summer his sleigh is well packed away  
And his reindeer are pastured on grass,  
There old Santa reads his books and old Santa sings and  
And leisurely hours he enjoys; [laughs,  
But of mornings he goes with his rakes and his hoes  
To the beautiful Garden of Toys.

Oh, the Garden of Toys is well planted with seeds  
Of every plaything that's out;  
Long rows of tin whistles and horns thick as thistles  
And pop-guns beginning to sprout.  
The marble-plant, too, is just bringing to view  
A crop of delight for the boys  
As the Saint showers the lot from his watering-pot  
In the beautiful Garden of Toys.

In the Garden of Toys grows a curious vine  
Which bears a great crop of toy drums;  
And there you may see the famous Doll-Tree  
Where the dolls grow as pretty as plums;  
For every dolly so smiling and jolly,  
Each one in her place, seems to poise  
Till Santa shall pack all the dolls in his sack  
From the beautiful Garden of Toys.

In the Garden of Toys, when the autumn arrives  
And playthings are ripe to the top,  
Then Santa Claus goes with his rake and his hoes  
To harvest the wonderful crop.  
He digs up the baseballs and shakes down the dolls  
And thousands of men he employs  
To pile jumping-jacks into barrels and packs  
In the beautiful Garden of Toys.

When the Garden of Toys is all covered with snow  
Then the harvest is taken away;  
For it's ting-a-ling, ling! and it's jing-a-jing, jing!  
As the treasurers depart in his sleigh.  
"Please, where is the Garden?" in every mail  
Come the queries of small girls and boys;  
But I can't let them know, for they'll all want to go  
To the beautiful Garden of Toys.—

## The Gift

Emily Selinger

"'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate—  
Of the fondle of silk or fur—  
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,  
As the gifts of the wise men were,  
And we are not told whose gifts were gold,  
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

## Ring the Bells

By Helen M. Richardson

Ring the bells! Ring the bells  
In the steeples high!  
As the music upward swells  
To the starry sky,

Let our hearts with rapture swell,  
Let our lips the story tell  
Of the Babe that cradled lay  
In a stall one Christmas day.

Ring the bells! Ring the bells  
Far and near proclaim  
That the joy their music tells  
Ever is the same.

Teach the little ones to know  
That the Christ who loves them so  
Once a helpless baby lay  
In a manger far away.

From these faithful sentinels  
Let the message fly  
Ring the bells! Ring the bells  
Echoing to the sky:

Christ, our Lord, was humbly born  
On that glorious Christmas morn  
Long ago. Ring bells, oh ring!  
Hallelujah! Christ, our King!

### The Christmas Dolly

I have a Christmas dolly sweet;  
You should just see her dainty feet,  
They are so pink — ah me! And true  
As I sit here a-telling you,  
She has wee slippers and silk socks,  
And a whole trunkful of frocks!  
Hats? — Oh dear, you ought to see  
The hats she has — not two or three!  
Besides which, what do you suppose?—  
She has a mouth just like a rose!  
And tiny teeth; dear Mother said  
She thought she should be put to bed  
Until her teething-spell was past —  
How long *do* such things sometimes last?  
You know, she has the cutest bed—  
I almost wish 'twere mine instead!  
There is a little pillow white,  
And downy quilts so soft and light,  
And lace and ribbons everywhere—  
I think she has good things to spare!  
But sometimes while I watch her sleep,  
I think of things 'way down all deep;  
And *then* I know that if she wore  
The meanest rags, I'd keep in store  
The same big love that my heart knows  
For her when she wears her best clothes!

**Star-Beams**

While stars of Christmas shine,  
Lighting the skies,  
Let only loving looks  
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,  
Joyous and clear,  
Speak only happy words,  
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,  
And in love take;  
Gladden the poor and sad,  
For love's dear sake.

**The Sun of Righteousness**

Arise! arise! Put on thy strength,  
O earth! Thy day is here.  
Awake from sleep! Cast off thy bands!  
Thou hast no room for fear.  
The Lord has come in glory bright;  
His herald angels sing  
His glory over Bethlehem,  
Where lies the new-born King.

Make straight the highway of our God!  
Prepare his way on earth!  
Bow down your hearts before his feet,  
And celebrate his birth.  
The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
The shadows flee away;  
Rejoice on earth as saints in heaven  
For this glad Christmas Day.



Thank God, the darkness is dispelled,  
And death is overthrown;  
His light has reached the Gentile world,  
And nations are his own.  
His kingdom yet shall be increased,  
His light shall brighter grow,  
Till all sin's captives are released  
And all Christ's power shall know.

The glory of the day is ours;  
When, should we close our eyes  
And turn our hearts from him who came  
From glory in the skies?  
Shall we refuse to see the light,  
And choose sin's darkened way?  
No, no! Look up! There's glory bright  
Since Christ has brought the day.

## Christmas

By Helen M. Richardson

A time to give, nor let that giving be  
Measured by what another gives to thee.  
Ofttimes a hand-clasp and a cheery smile,  
That makes the heart-beats quicken for a while,  
More of the Christmas spirit doth proclaim  
Than costly gifts. Whoever in Christ's name  
Extendeth sympathy to one in need.  
And makes his action measure to his deed,  
Or from his meagre store doth give a share,  
Nor recks that he the dole can illy spare—  
In him the Christmas spirit reigns supreme;  
Nor is his giving a mere idle dream.  
Christ gave his life — no earthly-born device  
Can ever match this costly sacrifice.

## Winter

Snowflakes flutter down from the clouds  
And icicles hang from the eaves,  
But the sleeping flowers never know  
And lie warm beneath the leaves.  
The children polish skates and sleds  
They never find it drear,  
The house is full of spicy smells,  
And Christmas time draws near.

## The Little Town

By Clinton Scollard

*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem  
and see this thing that is come to pass*

O little town, O little town,  
Upon the hills so far,  
We see you, like a thing sublime,  
Across the great gray wastes of time,  
And men go up and men go down,  
But follow still the star!

And this is humble Bethlehem  
In the Judean wild;  
And this is lowly Bethlehem  
Wherein a mother smiled;  
Yea, this is happy Bethlehem  
That knew the little Child!

Aye, this is glorious Bethlehem  
Where He drew living breath  
(Ah, precious, precious Bethlehem!—  
So every mortal saith)  
Who brought to all that tread the earth  
Life's triumph over death!

O little town, O little town,  
Upon the hills afar,  
You call to us, a thing sublime,  
Across the great gray wastes of time,  
For men go up and men go down,  
But follow still the star!

### **The Christmas Spirit**

By Helen M. Richardson

One spirit rules the world today,  
Radiant with love and cheer—  
The Christmas spirit that may stay  
With us throughout the year.  
The mistletoe and holly bring  
Us near to God's own plan.  
The joyous Christmas bell doth ring  
Peace and good will to man.  
Then wherefore limit to one day  
The love our hearts would show,  
When it is ever God's wise way  
Each day gifts to bestow?  
Could we but in our hearts enshrine  
That grace which burns and glows  
When Christmas bells begin to chime  
And love's cup overflows—  
Then every day and every hour  
Some gift would find its way  
Charged with a Christlike love and power  
That naught could dim or stay,  
Into the lives that need our cheer,  
Our help — the help that springs  
From loving service, for we know  
All other gifts have wings.

## THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOR

### A Beautiful Pageant in Five Scenes

By Rev. Richard W. Jungfer, A.B., B.D.

### DIRECTIONS

Consult an illustrated Bible to get a clear idea of the things here described.

A vail or curtain (plain design) for the rear to divide between the holy place and the most holy. (Ex. 26:33.) It may be left there during the entire performance. This of course is not the curtain in front of stage.

**The altar of sweet incense** (Lev. 4:7) should be a box a cubit long, a cubit broad and two cubits high (Ex. 30:2-5). A cubit is about one and one-half foot. It should be painted a gold color. On each of the four corners should be a horn. These can be made of pieces of barrel hoops, trimmed to suit and nailed and painted. Four rings, one on each side, should be fastened near the top. Two sticks (broom handles) painted gold should be stuck through these rings.

**The pan** may be a shallow iron bread pan containing raw cotton and sweet herbs. The cotton should have a few drops of alcohol to make it and the incense burn. They should give a blaze.

**The seven armed golden candle stick** should be three feet high. The outer lower arm should be 25 inches wide and eleven inches deep at center. The following two inner arms should each be three inches higher at center and each six inches less across than the other. These arms should be an inch square. The base should be extra heavy and broad, otherwise the candle stick will not

stand. It may be cut from an inch plank twelve by twenty-six inches. It should be gilded. The seven arms must each have a hole for the candles.

**Table.** A common kitchen table will do.

The shew bread. Pieces of wood six by four by two inches, painted light brown. Twelve are needed. Six loaves are placed one on top the other on a plate. Food should not be used. It would be wasted.

**The plates.** Common dinner plates, four in number, answer the purpose. The two plates containing the bread are placed in the center of the table. The two other plates containing incense are placed between the plates just mentioned. The incense should smoke freely during the scene.

**The censer.** It may be a tin can or small flower pot gilded. A wire of sufficient length is fastened to it that it may be swung. It must contain sweet smelling herbs. These should smoke freely during scene. **Wings for angels.** Those of Gabriel should be larger than the rest. A young lady should take this part. The others should be smaller girls. The wings are made of Dennison's white crepe paper sewn around a wire to give them firmness. Silver tinsel around the edge beautifies them.

**The chairs.** Common kitchen ones will do.

Where a spinning wheel is not obtainable a lady's work-table or any other small table will do.

**The electric bulb.** A fifty-watt bulb over which red crepe paper has been lain, where it is to represent fire. Crepe paper should be tied when it is to be placed in manger. A doll should not be used.

**Crooks.** These should be six feet long with a piece of barrel hoop nailed at top and covered with cloth to hide

where joined. Four of these are needed, one for each shepherd.

**Manger.** It should be a soap box, covered with white paper with two boards nailed on either side like the legs of a saw buck. It should contain straw and an electric bulb as described above.

**Bundles.** Seven wrapped in dark paper should be made, four for the shepherds and three for the wise men.

**Bags.** Three of these for the wise men.

The actions of the performers are given in the reading. **The reader**—it should be some one with a clear loud voice—should time the words to the movements of the performers.

Three, certainly not more than four, rehearsals should suffice to get the pageant perfect.

Lights should be dim.

Colored lights thrown on stage with magic lantern would be fine. Motions of priest and angels should be slow and dignified.

Violin accompaniment would add greatly to the beauty of the play.

Words in parenthesis should not be read.

In all twenty-five persons appear. Each should have a copy. Best is to have thirty, as the stage master, pianist and reader must have one.

Time of performance about one hour.

## COSTUMES OF THE PERFORMERS

For style and color it is best to get Bible pictures or to consult an illustrated Bible. However, a few items are here given.



Gabriel and the other angels should be dressed in white, long flowing gown going down to the feet (Rev. 1: 13) wide sleeves. Made of cheese cloth. Wings are pinned on back. Hair flowing. A bit of silver tinsel around forehead heightens the effect.

Zacharias dressed in white with a girdle of purple and scarlet also a mitre of white (Ex. 39:27-29). The material should be heavy enough so that the dark suit can not be seen through gown.

Mary: consult Bible pictures.

Joseph's dress may be made of brown goods.

The shepherds' dress may be made of brown goods.

The children's dress should be made of goods of different colors.

The wise men should be dressed more elaborately than the shepherds. The head dress of these and the shepherds should be a cloth pressed on the head.

## SCENE ONE

### IN THE TEMPLE

#### *Stage setting:*

A curtain or vail in the rear.

Altar placed before vail in the centre of stage.

Pan with cotton and incense on altar.

Golden candle stick is placed diagonally on floor in centre of right of stage.

Table placed at centre on left of stage with twelve loaves of shew bread and four plates. Two plates containing each six loaves, the other plates contain freely

smoking incense. These are placed between the plates of shew bread.

Censer with incense carried by the priest. It should smoke freely.

*Persons needed:*

Zacharias enters at left and leaves at left.

Gabriel enters at right and leaves at right.

Performers not acting (hidden from audience) do the singing.

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Curtain withdrawn.

SINGERS SING:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!  
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee.  
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Zacharias enters after the first two lines have been sung. He goes slowly to the altar facing curtain while the third line is sung, then he turns slowly to audience and swings censer during the singing of the fourth line keeping time with the music. When singing stops he places censer on floor at altar and goes to candle stick to light it.

READER:—Zacharias, the priest of the course of Albia, had been chosen by lot to execute the priest's office before God. *He is lighting the golden candle stick. He turns to the altar of incense and burns sweet smelling herbs. He is standing beholding the ascending smoke.* It is an emblem of prayer. He is thinking of the pitiful condition of his people. They have many laws but no

love, many ceremonies but no spiritual life, many priests but no prophets, many enemies but no friends. Overwhelmed with grief, *he lays hold on the horns of the altar and falling on his knees, looking up to heaven, he prays:* O, God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, how long will it be until thy promises become true? Behold, O God, the condition of thy people! They are in the hands of their enemies! They are divided among themselves. No inspired prophet has appeared to preach thy will. We are looking for the Messiah, the promised King. O, God, how long, how long will it be before he will come. *He sobs.*

SINGERS SING: Melody: Penitence. 6, 5, 6, 5 Double.

O let him whose sorrow No relief can find,  
Trust in God and borrow Ease for heart and mind,  
Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds his secret tear,  
God his watch is keeping, Though none else is near.

He bethinks himself. *Arising, he turns around.* He is not aware *that an angel is coming.* *Zacharias seeing the angel steps back in fear.* *He stands with bowed head.*

*The angel raising his hand says:* Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall neither drink wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall be turned to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

*Zacharias looks up.* What, he, Zacharias, is to have a son! Was that not impossible? Was he not an old man and his wife well stricken in years? *He shakes his head* doubting the words he has heard.

*The angel motioning to him said:* I am Gabriel, that stands in the presence of God; and I am sent to speak unto thee and to show thee these glad tidings. And, behold, thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words which shall be fulfilled in their season.

Having delivered his message *the angel disappears.*

*Zacharias is still looking* where the angel had been. *Turning he advances* to dismiss the people with the blessing. *He raises his hands.* He attempts to speak, but he cannot, he is dumb. *He beckons* unto them to depart. *He turns and leaves the temple.*

Curtain.

Piano plays softly "Holy, holy" until scene is changed.

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## SCENE TWO

### THE ANNUNCIATION

*Stage setting:*

Table and chair toward right in rear of stage.

Spinning wheel or work table and chair in centre of stage toward left.

*Persons needed:*

Mary.

Four children enter from left and leave at left.

Gabriel enters from right and leaves at right.

Performers not acting (hidden from audience) do the singing.

---

*Curtain withdrawn.*

Mary is seen tidying up the room. While she is doing so she sings:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

After she is through singing she seats herself at the spinning wheel (or work table) to work.

READER:—Mary is ever busy and well she must for she is poor. *She soon drops her work* and is lost in sorrow thought. She knows how her people fare. She knows that they are groaning beneath their burden. For more than 500 years no prophet has arisen. Does it not seem as if God had forgotten his promises? *Distress is pictured on her face.* How long will it be before the promised King will come?

Mary is a noble woman. She is beloved by young and old. *The children seek her in her home. She arises and welcomes them. As she resumes her seat they gather around her. They beg:* O tell us a story.

*She stops a moment to think* what it might be. She is well versed in the history and prophecies of her people. *She smiles.* It is a sign that she is ready to do their bidding.

*The children edge around her so as not to miss a word from her lips.*

*Turning to the children she says:* God has promised us a great king. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

*A child turns to her and asks:* And where shall this king be born?

*Addressing the child she says:* In Bethlehem, for it is written: But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel.

*(Another child turns and asks):* Who shall his mother be?

*(She answers turning):* Behold, it shall be a virgin pure.

*(Another turns and asks):* And what shall be his name?

*(She answers turning):* His name shall be Immanuel.

*(Another turns and asks):* And when will he be born?

*(She answers turning):* My child, I do not know. But he will be born when the fulness of time has come. But, methinks, it is time for ye to be at home.

*Mary arises. She goes with them to the door. She waves them God's speed. Returning to her work she stops. An angel has entered the room.*



*He raising his arm says:* Hail, thou art highly favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.

*She is troubled at his sayings and recedes.*

*The angel approaches her:* Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest: And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

*Mary bows.* She does not understand. Was the king not to be born in Bethlehem and does she not live in Nazareth: How shall this be?

*The angel with his raised hands says:* With God nothing is impossible.

*Mary sinks upon her knees. Folding her hands on her breast and bowing in submission she says:* Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.

*The angel blesses her and departs.*

Curtain.

Piano plays softly: "Sweet are the Promises" until scene is changed.

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### SCENE THREE

#### THE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELD

*Stage setting:*

An electric bulb burning covered with red crepe paper. This is in turn covered with a heavy cloth to shut out all the light.

*Persons needed:*

Four shepherds with their crooks. They enter from left.

Gabriel. He enters from right.

A multitude of the heavenly hosts (six little girls dressed as angels) form a semi-circle around shepherds with backs toward audience.

Performers not acting (hidden from audience) do the singing.

---

Curtain withdrawn.

A shepherd comes with his crook in his hand. He kneels down, putting away his crook and blows as if to start a fire. He lifts the heavy cloth so that a faint glimmer is seen and gradually removes it to give the appearance of a growing flame. Three other shepherds come with their crooks in hand. They seat themselves around the fire.

READER:—The shepherds have put away their flocks for the night. They are gathered around the fire, for the night is cold. It is yet too early to retire. *They sit in deep thought.*

Friend, says one *turning to his neighbor*, what has been thy lot this day?

*Says he, turning to him:* A lamb had gone astray and was lost. I had to wander many a weary mile before I found it among the hills.

Friend (turning to the other), and how didst thou fare?

(He turning said): I saw the sheep all astir. A wolf had come. I had a hard fight until the murderer was slain.

Friend (turning to the next one) and thou?

(He turning said): I found a flock of sheep going astray. The shepherd, a hireling, had left them to go about some other business.

Friends (turning to all): Is that not the condition of our people? Are we not like sheep going astray having no shepherd? Those that have rule over us and are to watch over our souls are not shepherds. They are but hirelings. O, that the Lord our shepherd would come.

They have come to their favorite theme. They are just and devout men waiting for the consolation of Israel. Yonder is Bethlehem. Out of it shall come forth he who is to be ruler in Israel. Years and years have past, yet no sign has come that the king has been born.

*Looking up and raising their arms* to heaven they cry: O God, how long will it be before the word will come true.

*Silently they stare into the fire.*

SINGERS SING: Melody: Shepherds, or St. Louis, 8, 6, 8, 6 Double.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind,

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,

To you and all man-kind.

*Behold an angel is coming upon them* and the glory of God is shining round about them. (Magic lantern.)

*The shepherds arise and place their hands before them* for they are sore afraid. *They are about to run.*

*The angel with outstretched hands stays them and says: Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.*

*And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.*

Having delivered their message *the angels leave.*

*The shepherds are spellbound looking up to heaven. Touching one another, pointing eagerly towards Bethlehem in the East they depart to see the things which have come to pass which the Lord had made known unto them.*

Curtain.

Piano plays "While Shepherds etc." until scene is changed.

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## SCENE FOUR

### IN THE STABLE

*Stage setting:*

Manger containing straw and a bulb lighted in center of stage.

*Persons needed:*

Mary and Joseph kneeling in back of manger.

Four shepherds with their crooks. They come and kneel before manger with their backs to audience forming a semi-circle.

Four children. They form a semi-circle with back to audience.

Performers not acting (hidden from audience) do the singing.

---

Curtain withdrawn.

Mary and Joseph are kneeling behind the manger looking intently at the child.

SINGERS SING: MM. 66 to the note.

Holy night, peaceful night,  
Through the darkness beams a light,  
There, where they sweet vigils keep  
O'er the Babe in silent sleep,  
Resting in heavenly peace.

READER:—Here is Mary and Joseph in the stable. They could find no other place to stay because there was no room for them in the inn. They had come to Bethlehem in obedience to the decree of Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. The Saviour is born. A stable is his birth place, a manger his bed, straw his bedding, swaddling clothes his dress. Mary is leaning on bended knees over the manger looking with rapture into the babe's face. Joseph also leans looking at the infant. There is he, the king, promised ages ago to Eve, of which Moses and the prophets had spoken. He is the son of God, in which all prophecies were to be fulfilled.

They are not to be undisturbed. Some one is coming. *Joseph looks up* toward the entrance. Did others seek shelter in the inn and found no room? Do others seek refuge in the stable? *Shepherds are coming?*

*They prostrate themselves before the manger, worshipping the babe.*

SINGERS SING:

Silent night, holiest night,  
Child of heaven, O how bright  
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;  
Blessed was that happy morn,  
Full of heavenly joy.

*They arise.* They are poor, yet not so poor as not to be able to give. *They give of their own to Joseph.* They give gladly all they have, even all their living.

*Turning once more to the manger and bowing low they depart to make known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.* They glorify and praise God for all the things that they have heard and seen.

*Others are coming, even children. Reverently with folded hands they kneel before the manger.*

SINGERS SING: How Firm a Foundation.

Come hither, ye children, O come, one and all,  
To Bethlehem, haste, to the manger so small,  
God's Son for a gift has been sent you this night,  
To be your redeemer, your joy and delight.

*They arise and bowing before the King they pass out wondering at the things which they have seen.*

Curtain.

Piano plays above hymn until scene is changed.

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## SCENE FIVE

### THE WISE MEN

*Stage setting:*

Manger containing straw and bulb lighted in center of stage.



*Persons needed:*

Mary and Joseph kneeling behind the manger, looking intently at child.

Three wise men with packs. They kneel with packs toward audience.

Performers not acting (hidden from audience) do the singing.

---

## Curtain.

READER:—Mary and Joseph are watching their Babe. To behold it has been their only delight. Many had been the visitors. The message of the new born king had not been only given to the shepherds and others of Bethlehem but even to some in the far East.

## SINGERS SING:

Silent night, holiest night,  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Guiding star, O lend the light!  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Jesus, the Saviour is here.

Wise men are coming. The star which they had seen had gone before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. *They enter the house* and as they see the young child with Mary his mother they fall down and worship him.

SINGERS SING: Tune: Adeste Fideles 11, 11, 11, 11.

O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,  
O come, ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him Born the King of Angels;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

*Arising, they open their treasures. One gives him gold, the second francincense, the third myrrh.*

*They kneel again in adoration. There is the infant king, for which all the world has been waiting. They will bring the news to the most distant lands, that a saviour king has been born. Arising and bowing they leave for home.*

Come all ye faithful, O be joyful and triumphant and sing.

SINGERS (or entire audience) sing: Tune: Antioch.  
Arr. From G. F. Haendel.

Joy to the world, the Lord has come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room;  
And heaven and nature sing.

Unto you is born this day a Saviour. Unto YOU is born this day a saviour. Unto you of the twentieth century, unto you the lost, unto you that have gone astray, unto you sinners young and old the Saviour has been born.

Unto you is born THIS DAY a saviour. This is the days of all days. Now is the opportune time. That what is past God will wink at. Receive him today, linger no longer, make no delay.

Unto you is born this day A SAVIOUR. He is the great physician, he is able to heal even unto the uttermost. He who cometh to him will in no wise be cast out. He has come to save that which is lost. O come, let the SAVIOUR be born IN YOU THIS DAY.

Curtain.

## The King of the Jews

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

There came to earth one day, a King,  
But He no scepter bore—  
No coronet nor signet ring.  
Nor royal robes He wore.

A sweet and helpless babe He came,  
And in a manger lay;  
And JESUS was the blessed name  
They gave to Him that day.

He grew to childhood and to youth,  
And then in manhood's prime  
He sought to show the way of truth  
That leads to joys sublime.

A Jew — He came to teach the Jews—  
But O, they would not learn!  
How could they His great love refuse,  
And all His blessings spurn?

They gave my King a crown of thorn,  
And wine and bitter gall,  
They gave Him cruelty and scorn,  
Yet He would save them all.

This King who came our peace to win,  
He died for me and you!  
O, He will freely save from sin,  
The Gentile or the Jew.

This King is my blest King today—  
I give Him full control—  
With grateful joy I own His sway  
O'er mind and heart and soul.

## Hear the Bells

*Exercise for six children holding red paper Christmas bells. They march on platform single file to a bright tune, swinging bells held at head level.*

No. 1—

Swinging high<sup>1</sup> in the big Church steeple,  
Calling out<sup>2</sup> to the passing people,

No. 2—

Hear the bells of the Yuletide<sup>3</sup> ringing.  
Happy news ev'ry note is bringing—

All in unison—

Joy<sup>3</sup> and gladness for Christmas day,  
Cheer and good-will for Christmas day.  
Haste<sup>4</sup> away, haste away,  
'Tis merry Christmas day.

No. 3—

Swinging high<sup>1</sup> while the winds are blowing,  
Music sweet from their hearts bestowing.

No. 4—

All around<sup>5</sup> through the frost and chill,  
Chiming loud over vale and hill.

All in unison—

Joy and gladness, etc.

No. 5—

Weary hearts with their music thrilling,  
Earth and sky with a glad song filling.

No. 6—

Sing in tune with the happy chime,  
"Love, God's<sup>6</sup> love, makes the Christmas-time."

All in unison—

Joy and gladness, etc.

### MOTIONS

<sup>1</sup> Swing bells held high to and fro. <sup>2</sup> Throw bells outwards.  
<sup>3</sup> Swing bells to and fro. <sup>4</sup> Hold bells out. <sup>5</sup> Describe a semi-circle outwards with bells. <sup>6</sup> Hold bells up high.

## Under the Holly Bough

Charles Mackay

Ye who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now:  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken  
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,  
Sister and friend and brother,  
In this fast fading year;  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here.

And let your hearts grow fonder  
As memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow;  
Old loves and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing  
Under the holly bough.

### The Happiest Christmas

'Twas Christmas-tide. With tales and talk,  
That never seemed to tire,  
The children, gay with holiday,  
Sat round the blazing fire.

They told of many a prank and game,  
And many a Christmas past,  
And questioned me if this would be  
As merry as the last.

"Of all your Christmas-times," I said,  
"So rich in mirth and fun,  
I beg that you each tell me true  
Which was the happiest one."

Sweet Bessie turned her radiant face  
With wondering gaze on me:  
"My Christmas days have been always  
As glad as glad could be."

Then merry Mabel shook her curls  
Loose from the prisoning comb:  
"Oh, mine was when pape and Ben  
And you and Bess came home."

Ben chuckled, "Twas the time I had  
With crackers such a lark;  
I popped and popped, and never stopped  
From daylight until dark."

"That was the best," laughed Willoughby,  
"Of any that I know,  
When Roan and Bay upset the sleigh,  
And drowned us in the snow,



"Such fun it was to see the girls,  
And hear them shriek and shout,  
To search and sift the ten-foot drift  
Until we fished them out!"

"And I," lisped little Dimple-cheek,  
A tip-toe in her glee,  
"Was happiest when I counted ten  
Dolls on my Christmas tree."

The soft-eyed Sophie silent sat,  
Nor yet had said a word,  
Though I could see some memory  
Her tender bosom stirred.

"What is it, darling?" and I kissed  
The lids that veiled the blue;  
"Tell me, I pray, what Christmas Day  
Brought greatest joy to you."

The eyes she raised to mine were filmed  
With something like a tear,  
And sweet and low she answered, so  
That I could scarcely hear:

"Last Christmas Day, with all my gifts  
Upon the window-seat,  
I watched right long the merry throng  
Of people in the street.

"And as I watched there stood a group  
Of ragged girls and boys  
Before the pane, their eyes astrain  
With wonder at my toys.

"Poor little foreign wanderers!  
My eyes began to fill;

I could not bear to see them there,  
So sad and wan and chill.

"I swept my toys into my lap,  
And, with a tap and call,  
Opened the door, and bade the four  
Come to me in the hall.

"They held their aprons, stretched their hands;  
And, oh, it was a sight,  
As out I poured my Christmas hoard,  
To see their wild delight!

"Each Christmas as it passed has seemed  
More happy than the rest,  
But of them all I think I'd call  
That one the very best."

## The Christ Child

Clara S. McCulley

Christmas — the same old Christmas—  
That lives in the minds of men;  
The same old round of buying,  
Then buying and buying again.

The same old tinselled playthings;  
The same old star on the tree;  
The same old worn out shoppers,  
And the same old childish glee!

Christmas — the same old Christmas,  
The faces wan and white,  
That peer into gay decked windows,  
And shiver — on Christmas night!

Christmas — the same old Christmas,  
The time of the Christ Child's birth;  
When the angels sang of heaven,  
And peace to the strife torn earth!

Thank God for the Christmas spirit,  
Thank God for the cheery light  
That streams from the cottage windows  
When the Christ Child walks that night!

### Christmas Carol

Phillips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young,  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight;  
On the snowflakes that covered thy sod  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out through the  
That mankind are the children of God. [night

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed  
That mankind are the children of God.

## The Prophecies

(The Scripture responses should be given by scholars who rise in their places and read from Bible in hand or better still, to memorize them.)

**SUPERINTENDENT.**—Christ's coming and mission was repeatedly told by the prophets, from the earliest history of man. What is the first prophecy of a Saviour?—Genesis 3:15.

What prophecy have we of His descent?—Numbers 24:19.

What of His mission?—Deut. 18:18.

What of His universal reign?—Psa. 72:8.

What of the time of His appearing?—Dan. 9:24.

What of the place of His birth?—Micah 5:2.

What of His birth and name?—Isa. 9:6.

What of a messenger preceding Him?—Mal. 3:1.

What of the worshipers at His birth?—Isa. 60:3, 6.

What of the flight to Egypt?—Hos. 11:1.

What of His character and gifts?—Isa. 42:1, or Isa. 11:2-4.

What of His preaching?—Isa. 61:1.

What of His miracles?—Isa. 35:5.

What of His work for the Gentiles?—Isa. 11:10.

What of His triumphant ride into Jerusalem?—Zech. 9:9.

What of a conspiracy to destroy Him?—Psa. 31:13.

What of His betrayal?—Psa. 41:9, or Psa. 55:12-14.

What of His death?—Isa. 53:12.

What of His resurrection?—Psa. 16:10, or Hos. 6:2.

What of His ascension?—Psa. 24:7.

What of His everlasting glory and dominion?—Dan. 7:13, 14.

## A Christmas Wish

By Anton F. Klinkner

Mistletoe and holly bright  
And child-hearts filled with delight!  
Yuletide cheer and Yuletide glee,

Yuletide's larger humanity!  
O, Christmas brightens all the land,  
Unlocking hearts at love's command;  
Re-echoing Bethlehem's angel chorus:

"Christ, the Saviour's born for us!"  
Hark the sweet celestial hymn:  
"Rejoice, Oh, world of woe and sin!"  
In His name, love once more finds place,  
Surrounding human hearts with grace—  
That bounty gives from bounty's store  
Make happiness abide once more!  
And sweet hope lift the faltering soul  
Sustained by mercy's kind control!

Blest Christ-child with wonder eyes,  
Earth has become your paradise!

And human hearts by love divine

Have felt the thrill that pulsed in thine,  
As from your heavenly home you came,  
Prepared to wipe out Adam's shame!  
Prepared to lift men's hearts above,  
Yet only by the pow'r of love!

O, Christ-child, may our hearts enshrine  
No lesser love than that in thine  
Enobling earth by love divine!

## If Christ Should Come Again

By John T. McFarland

If Christ should come again tonight,  
If we should wake and hear the song  
Of angels chanting in the light,  
And we should see the radiant throng—  
If on the calm of wintry air  
Should speak again the seraph's voice,  
"Behold, good news to all I bear,  
Let all the sons of men rejoice—  
"The Christ has come again to earth,  
Not now, as once, through gates of pain,  
A babe in manger come to earth,  
But crowned as King, he comes to reign"—  
Would we arise in haste and go,  
The light of wonder in our eyes,  
And kneel and pay him reverence low,  
Knowing our King in any guise?

\* \* \* \* \*

If there should rise for us a star,  
A star of wondrous golden light,  
And beckon us to lands afar,  
And lead the way beyond our sight—  
And in our hearts a voice should say,  
"This star will pause above a throne:  
Faint not, but follow all the way,  
To thee the King shall be made known"—  
Would we across the deserts fare,  
As fared the Wise Men once of old,  
Would we our treasures gladly bear,  
Our myrrh, frankincense, and our gold?



And would we bow on reverent knee,  
And hail him highest Lord and King,  
Pledge faith and constant loyalty,  
Our hearts a living offering?

\* \* \* \* \*

If Christ should come again and stand,  
As once he stood by Galilee,  
And to the fishers gave command,  
“Leave boats and nets and follow me”—

Would we with undivided mind,  
Like Peter, quickly make our choice,  
An, unregretting, leave behind  
All things, and in the loss rejoice?

Would we go forth as those who heard  
The Lord's command on Olives' hill,  
To carry far the saving Word.  
And all his purposes fulfill?

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! Christ comes even to the least,  
For each the angels grandly sing,  
His star hangs ever in the east,  
And each his tribute still may bring.

Still treads the Christ through marts of trade,  
Still walks he on the stormy sea,  
And says, “’Tis I, be not afraid,”  
And still, “Leave all and follow me.”

He comes at dusk of eventide,  
When in our homes from toil we cease,  
And shows again Love's palm and side,  
And lifts his hand and speaks his peace.

And still is Olive's height for each,  
And still for each the great command,  
"Go forth in every tongue to teach ;  
The cross proclaim in every land."

Life's common ways exalted are,  
Life's common work is made sublime,  
By light that falls from Christmas star,  
And melody of Christmas chime.

Because by sea and winding stream  
The Lord Christ's footsteps still are pressed,  
Earth keeps the glory of a dream,  
The world and all that is are blest.

Because we hear with Christly ears,  
An anthem throbs through all the earth,  
A hope that swallows all our fears  
Sings ever with the Lord Christ's birth.

The Lord is here, not far away,  
He comes to bide from realms above ;  
And life is one long Christmas Day,  
That binds us to immortal Love.

### Playing "Christmas Fairies"

Alice J. Cleator

(Exercise for Several Children)

1st—We played a game last Christmas time,  
The best that I have ever known.  
A splendid game for any day,  
Not for the Christmas tide alone.  
Perhaps if you could make it clear,  
You'd try it sometime through the year.

*2nd*—'Twas "Christmas Fairies" that we played,  
Each one went on some errand glad,  
Bringing some gift to those in need,  
Whose lives had long with care been sad.

*3rd*—Our mammas, too, were in the game,  
Else we could not have played it well;  
They helped us to prepare the gifts,  
That gave more joy than we could tell.

*4th*—Baskets of all things good to eat,  
Shoes warm and snug for little feet,  
And mittens of bright colors wrought,  
All these the Christmas fairies brought.

*5th*—Yes, and not only food and clothes,  
But dolls and games and candy, too,  
Could you have seen the joy it gave,  
We think you'd all turn fairies, too.

*All*—Suppose we try the coming year,  
The "Christmas fairies" game to play,  
Not waiting 'till the Christmas time,  
But doing kindness every day!

### **A Christmas Message**

Christmas I wish might to you bring  
Hands full of every needed thing;—  
Rich blessings for your hearth and home  
In bounteous showers to you may come!  
Since God's best gifts come from above,  
Then may be yours, Faith, Hope and Love.  
May those whose paths are lined with care,  
And homes which have a vacant chair,  
Strong Faith from God receive, my prayer.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

## I

LEADER—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

SCHOOL—*Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.*

LEADER—When Herod the King had heard these things he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

SCHOOL—*And when he had gathered all the chief priests and the scribes together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.*

LEADER—And they said unto him—In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet.

SCHOOL—*And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people Israel.*

## II

## Scripture Reading (Prophecy)

LEADER—The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shilo come.

RESPONSE—*And unto him shall the gathering of the people be.*

LEADER—Then shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel.

RESPONSE—*And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.*

LEADER—And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah.

RESPONSE—*For out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel.*

LEADER—And he shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Sheba.

RESPONSE—*The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall offer gifts.*

LEADER—And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

RESPONSE—*And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet.*

### III

#### Scripture Reading

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

*And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.*

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

*For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying:

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.*

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another:

*Let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.*

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

#### IV

#### Responsive Reading

LEADER—O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory.

SCHOOL—*The Lord hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.*

LEADER—He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel; all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

SCHOOL—*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise.*

LEADER—Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm.

SCHOOL—*With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.*

LEADER—Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.



SCHOOL—*Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.*

## V

**Responsive Reading**

SUPT.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

SCHOOL—*Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord.*

SUPT.—For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth, and he that hath no helper.

SCHOOL—*He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence, and precious shall their blood be in his sight.*

SUPT.—The Lord hath made bare his arm in the sight of all nations, and the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

SCHOOL—*And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.*

SUPT.—The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty.

SCHOOL—*Righteousness shall go before him and shall get in the way of his steps.*

SUPT.—He shall have dominion also from the earth.

SCHOOL—*Yea, all the kings shall fall down before him, and all nations shall serve him.*

SUPT.—He shall judge the poor of the people. He shall save the children of the needy and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

SCHOOL—*Blessed be his glorious name forever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.*

## VI

**Responsive Reading**

Psalm 22:27, 28; 47:8; 72:5-11, 17-19; 96:11-13;  
138:4, 5; 145:10, 11.

LEADER—All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto Jehovah; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

CONGREGATION—*For the kingdom is Jehovah's; and he is the ruler over the nations.*

LEADER—God reigneth over the nations; God sitteth upon his holy throne.

CONG.—*They shall fear thee while the sun endureth, and so long as the moon throughout all generations.*

LEADER—In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

CONG.—*He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.*

LEADER—They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

CONG.—*The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall render tribute: The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.*

LEADER—Yea, all the kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him.

CONG.—*Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof.*

LEADER—Let the field exult, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy.

CONG.—*Before Jehovah; for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; he will judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.*

LEADER—All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O Jehovah, for they have heard the words of thy mouth.

CONG.—*Yea, they shall sing of the ways of Jehovah; for great is the glory of Jehovah.*

LEADER—All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Jehovah; and thy saints shall bless thee.

CONG.—*They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.*

LEADER—His name shall endure forever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him happy.

CONG.—*Blessed be Jehovah God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.*

ALL—*And blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.*

## VII

### Responsive Reading

SUPT.—Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9;6.

SCHOOL—*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation.—Zech. 9:9.*

SUPT.—His name shall endure forever: His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed. Psalm 72:17.

SCHOOL—*He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.—Psalm 72:8.*

SUPT.—And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one.—Zech. 14:9.

SCHOOL—*And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.—John 10:16.*

SUPT.—Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold My glory.—John 17:24.

SCHOOL—*And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—Rev. 21:23.*

ALL—*And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.—Rev. 21:24.*

## Watching for Santa Claus

I had watched for hours to see him come  
With his sled and merry reindeer;  
For often I'd heard how they skimmed o'er the snow,  
And climbed on the roofs without fear.

I wanted to see his strange little team;  
I wanted to hear him shout  
To each its own name, and see them prance,  
As oft I'd been told about.

But there was no snow that Christmas time,  
And aloud, to myself, I said,  
"It will go hard, I fear, with the little reindeer,  
And no doubt he'll be late with his sled."

I awoke with a start — it was only a nod  
I had allowed my sleepy old head—  
And there on the lawn such a sight I beheld  
That all sleep and drowsiness fled.

There were muffs and caps and dollies for girls,  
And candies and nuts and toys;  
While heaped high about were guns and drums  
And sleds and skates for boys.

"How jolly his face!" I said half aloud,  
"His toys and goodies are here";  
But I looked in vain, both far and near,  
For a glimpse of his merry reindeer,

Yet none could I see as he filled his bag,  
And quickly turned on his heel,  
And climbed up the porch — well! I declare!  
He had come in an automobile.

## The Light and the Staff

Once upon a time, Oh, a long time ago, and a great way off, a company of young people set out upon a wonderful journey. All were bright and happy-hearted, full of hope and free from fear, eager to start and anxious to see what lay before them along the untried way.

At the very beginning of the journey they passed through a beautiful gateway, and saw before them the long, level, lovely road, stretching on and on. Before they passed through these portals the gatekeeper, a man full of years, with white hair, kind eyes and gentle voice, stopped the young people, saying:

"You must not go on, my children, until you are quite ready for the path before you. Two things are needed for your safety and comfort, a light and a staff."

"What for?" asked the children, laughingly, and one cried: "The sun is bright and the day is just begun, why carry a light?" Another said: "Look at the smooth, plain road. There will be no need for a stick; it would only be in the way."

"You may not see the need of these things now," was the reply, "but you will want them by and by. I know the road better than you do. It lies straight before you now, as far as you can see, but it winds uphill by and by, and there are steep places which you can not climb without a staff. There is a dark tunnel, too, unlighted by a single lamp and if you have no light, you will stumble and lose your way."

"But how shall we get these things?" asked one thoughtful youth, and how do you happen to know that we need them?"

"I have been over the way," was the answer, "and besides, I have a guide-book here left by the Lord of the



Way, and it calls for these helps. They have been provided, and can be found here. Come in, and I will give you what you need."

Now some of the young travelers accepted the offer and took the light and staff with thankfulness. Others laughed and said, "What is the use of loading ourselves down with what we don't need now, and can't see the need of in time to come? We will wait till the time comes and then get these things."

"If you are not ready beforehand, it will go ill with you," cried the earnest voice of the old man. "Take now what you will surely need by and by."

A few others were persuaded by this, but the rest went on their way carelessly, dancing lightly along the smooth path without a thought of the road, except the part that lay in sight. But, almost before they knew it, the gentle slope became more steep and rugged, and at length before them yawned a deep, black tunnel, so wide and high and full of shadows, that each one needed a lamp to his own feet, and must walk carefully, if he would find his way at all.

Then, the unbelieving ones, who had taken no thought for the future, knew not where to turn for light and staff, so sorely needed, while those who had made ready beforehand for this hard way, were able to press on safely each with his own staff and light, which, strangely enough, he could not share with another.

You may read the little parable, bright young eyes, and the meaning, too? Life is the beautiful journey, and you are the brave young pilgrims setting out upon the way. Experience is the gate-keeper who begs you to be prepared for the roughness of the road before you and the Bible is the Guide-book that tells the need of light

and staff. It does not seem possible that troubles will ever come to you, but they will, and you can't understand how, or know when. Here is a light to carry in one hand—"God knows best." That makes brightness in a dark place. When we can't understand the path, we can hold up this light and we will be able to see one step more of the chosen way. And here is the staff for the toilsome path—"I will trust Him." This will help you over the hardest road.

Now do you not think it wise to take the light and staff at the very beginning of the journey? Who will do it now?

### **The Yule-tide Joy**

**By Rev. A. Messler Quick**

Oh, holy, happy Christmas morn,  
Thy dawn dissolves the Christless night;  
Belt all the world with holy light,  
The light unlit till Christ was born.

We hail with joyous, sacred song,  
The Prince of Peace, the God-in-man,  
Whose coming solves redemption's plan,  
The joy of all the ransomed throng.

Cease, Shiloh seers, your further dreams;  
Lo! brighter visions beam afar,  
For ye have seen Messiah's star,  
Whose glory down the ages streams.

Ye seraph legions of the sky,  
Who with your songs of peace, good will,  
O'er Bethlehem's plains did shepherds thrill,  
Hymn evermore sweet praise on high,

Ye mortals, let your anthems ring,  
Your joyous hallelujahs rise,  
To join the anthems of the skies,  
With praise to the eternal King.

Good will to man! Glad tidings roll,  
That herald peace, that muffle strife,  
That quicken men to nobler life,  
And joy shall spread from pole to pole!

### When Santa Claus Comes

A good time is coming; I wish it were here;  
The very best time in the whole of the year,  
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs,  
The weeks that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Good-bye, for a while, then, to lessons and school;  
We can laugh, talk and sing without "breaking the rule,"  
No troublesome spelling, nor writing, nor sums,  
There's nothing but playtime when Santa Claus comes.

I suppose I shall have a new dolly, of course,  
My last one was killed by a fall from her horse;  
And for Harry and Jack there'll be trumpets and drums;  
To deafen us all when Santa Claus comes.

I'll hang up my stocking to hold what he brings;  
I hope he will fill it with lots of nice things.  
He must know how dearly I love sugar plums;  
I'd like a big boxful when Santa Claus comes.

Then when the first snowflakes begin to come down,  
And the wind whistles sharp and the branches are brown,  
I'll not mind the cold, though my fingers are numb,  
For it will bring the time nearer, when Santa Claus comes.

## Holy Night

By Lizzie De Armond

Holy night shines bright with splendor,  
Beam a myriad stars above;  
Angel voices glad, exultant,  
Chant the strains of wondrous love.  
Hill to hill repeats the music,  
Floating down from heaven to earth,  
"Unto you is born a Saviour,  
Hail, all hail the royal birth!"

Holy night — now rolls a chorus  
Through the arches gray and dim,  
Silver bells afar are chiming  
Clear and sweet, the Christmas hymn.  
"Glory, glory in the highest!"  
Worship now the Babe divine,  
Bow before Him, all ye people,  
Kneel before His Manger shrine.

## Christmas — Its Origin

Many of the most important symbols and practices of Christmas observance are of distinctly pagan origin, the result of the early church reconciling heathen converts by adopting the more harmless features of their festivities.

Nobody knows anything definite about the origin of Christmas as a festival time, who first celebrated it, or when or how. Nobody knows whether December 25 is the right anniversary of Christ's birth.

Celebration of birthdays was considered heathenish by early Christians and it was not until after 341 A. D. that an investigation was made into the date of Christ's birth by order of Pope Julius. This set the date at De-

ember 25, although many sections celebrated January 6, April 20, March 29 and May 20.

Pope Julius set the date as December 25, and established the festival at Rome on that date. This is the date of the winter solstice, when winter begins to decline toward spring, which for centuries before Christ had been celebrated by Druids and other pagans as the chief festival of the year.

Mistletoe was an object of special veneration with the Druids, and was gathered with great ceremony in December. It survived in Christmas observance with the kissing, a relic of the Saturnalia of the ancients.

The Yule Log of old England began in the Druidic bonfires celebrating the Yule festival.

### **Reason for Christmas**

The observance of December 25 as the anniversary of our Saviour's birth has been maintained long enough to create a presumption in favor of the belief that it is an original institution of Christianity. Nevertheless, the oldest authority for the observance of that day as the birthday of Christ belongs to an epoch separated by a distance of three centuries from the original event, and the festival itself was celebrated on December 25 in the West before it was assigned to that day in the East. It is certain that in A. D. 336, December 25 was observed in Rome as the Festival of the Nativity of Christ. The authority for this statement is a Festal calendar drawn up by the local church at Rome in that year. Early in the Third century—i. e., about 130 years before the compilation of this festal calendar—Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, had assigned Wednesday, December 25, in the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, as the date of our Lord's birth.

**"If Christ Be Not Risen"****By Harriet Newall Swanwick**

Why ring joyous Christmas bells,  
Christmas off'rings bring,  
Christmas love fill Christian hearts,  
While glad voices sing.

Why hold sacred Bethlehem,  
Or Gethsemane,  
If he rose not from the tomb  
Clothed in majesty?

Take from out the centuries  
All the Christmas chimes,  
All the holy memories  
Linked with Christmas times.

If besides our open graves  
We forget this day,  
And in hopeless misery  
Lay our dead away.

If within our hearts and years  
Easter finds no place,  
Fitting rather that to tears  
We should grant a space.

Ah! above the storm of grief  
Rising full and clear,  
Comes a voice to our relief,  
A sure hope to cheer;

"I the Resurrection am,  
Only now believe,"  
Brings sweet peace, a holy calm,  
To the hearts that grieve.



If he did not vanquish Death,  
Mounting to the skies,  
"Vain all preaching, vain our faith"  
If he did not rise.

Human were those bleeding hands  
Stretched on Calvary,  
But in breaking death's strong bands  
Speaks Divinity.

Like a helpless lamb He died,  
Like a king he lives!  
Hail him Lord of all beside,  
Who salvation gives!

Blow, ye Easter lilies fair,  
Yield your incense sweet;  
Grateful hearts, your gems most rare  
Lay at Jesus' feet.

Christmas past and Easter gone  
Left their melody  
Ringing still with blending tone  
On this Easter day.

### **Christmas Song**

Sing a song of Christmas  
A stocking full of toys,  
Such a lot of presents,  
For all good girls and boys.  
When the stocking's opened  
The presents you shall see,—  
Isn't that a merry time  
For little ones like me?

### **New Year's Morning**

O Christians, how the years roll on,  
Our years of promise, one by one!  
The old year fades at still midnight;  
The New Year comes with morning light.  
Up, Christians, up,  
The New Year dawns;  
Up, up, and gird your armor on;  
Go forth to fight — 'tis New Year's morn!

O Christians, how the years roll on,  
Bringing new duties, one by one!  
We've work to do; make no delay;  
The light that beams is New Year's day!  
Up, Christians, up,  
The New Year dawns;  
Up, up, and gird your armor on,  
Go forth to work — 'tis New Year's morn!

O Christians, how the years roll on,  
Bringing new mercies, one by one!  
Come with thanksgiving, come with prayer,  
And greet the New Year's morning fair!  
Up, Christians, up,  
The New Year dawns;  
Up, up, and gird your armor on;  
Go forth in prayer — 'tis New Year's morn!

### **Christmas Hymn**

"What makes this glory around our feet,"  
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted strong and sweet,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means this star," the shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen!"  
And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more  
Since these sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for Him like them of yore;  
Alas, he seems so long to come!

But it was said in words of gold  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,  
That little children might be bold,  
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw  
If we our loving wills incline  
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

### **On Christmas Morning**

Santa Claus down the chimney crept,  
Into the room where the children slept,  
Counted the stockings all hung in line,  
And filled them with goodies and presents fine.  
But though he counted them,—“one, two, three,”—  
The baby's stockings he could not see,  
But Santa Claus said, “Now this won't do.”  
So he popped her presents right into her shoe.

**Careless Santa Claus**

From North to South speeds Santa Claus, his Christmas-crowded sleigh;

He does a wonderful amount of labor in a day;

And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not queer

That in his haste he chanced to make some sad mistakes  
last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from our  
sight—

The name I will not mention here, but if I would I might—

He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and may be  
scores,

And left the presents meant for them at other people's  
door.

The gloves he brought for Ella Green he gave to Emma  
Gray,

Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received that day;

The doll that sickly Lulu Lane had hoped for half a year

He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estella Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious Tommy West

He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in rest;

The muff intended Hester's needle-roughtened hands to  
hold

He gave the banker's daughter — and the sewing girl  
caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china dinner-set;

And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs. Brett;

And Mrs. Brett who boarded, crowded it upon a shelf,

Where no one else could see, and where she seldom looked  
herself.

Penalian Vance, the bachelor, society's delight,  
Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles gleaming  
    bright  
And only one was meant for him, one for the Widow  
    Moore,  
And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's trim-  
    ming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard to read,  
That those who had too much would soon discover who  
    had need;  
But though indeed remarkable, 'tis true which here I say:  
Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake until today.

It is too late to mend it, dolls broken, gloves out-worn  
A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and torn;  
But don't you think that all of us had better watch this  
    year,  
Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the blunder  
    here?

### Christmas In Our Hearts

Sang the angels, first of all,  
    On a hillside cold;  
Minstrels took the story up—  
Sang by lane and palace wall,  
Sang in tower and hut and hall,  
    Melody of old.  
Sing we still the same sweet strain  
    When the music starts:  
Christmas on the earth again,  
    Christmas in our hearts.

## The Little Christmas Spy

By Helen Gray Cone

Our Madge is growing tall and wise,  
Has reached that most befogged of tracts,  
The land of Half-Belief, that lies  
Between the fairies and the facts.

Her little heart's a crowded nest  
Of faith and fancies, dear and shy;  
The dearer, since she somehow guessed  
They'd flutter from her by-and-by.

Her doubts are pains, yet pleasures, too,  
With which her timid thoughts will play;  
How sad the chill, "It mayn't be true"—  
How sweet the thrill, "But then it may!"

On Christmas Eve she long had lain  
With sleepless eyes, like owlets bright;  
She rose, and rubbed the frosted pane,  
And stared into the starry night.

She saw the moon laugh round and clear  
From smoky wreaths of cloud, and throw,  
In shapes like branching horns of deer,  
The sharp tree-shadows on the snow.

Oh, would he come, the jolly Saint,  
Whom everybody talked about?  
It may be so — and yet, it mayn't;  
If I should watch, I might find out!"

She turned; her pulses wildly beat;  
She's like to spy — but should she dare?  
Yes! Pat, pat, pat, with stealthy feet  
She passed adown the winding stair.



The great hearth glowed; the grave old cat,  
With fixed, expanded, emerald eyes,  
Erect, before the chimney sat;  
He seemed to wear a waiting guise.

The andirons shone; the clock ticked on;  
Each moment made her more afraid.

"Oh, if he comes, I'll wish I'd gone—  
But if I go, I'll wish I'd stayed!

"Perhaps he isn't real at all—  
But—if he is — perhaps he'll mind!"

A sudden soot-flake chanced to fall—  
She fled, and never looked behind!

She throbbed with fright, she flushed with shame,  
Her pillowed head she closely hid;

She said: "I don't believe he came!"

She sighed: "Oh, dear — suppose he did!"

## On Christmas Day

(For small child)

On Christmas-day, far, far away,  
A little Baby slumbering lay;  
Starlight was shed upon His bed  
And round His fair and lowly head.

The angels sung, the blue sky rung,  
And all the earth looked bright and young;  
'T was God's own Son came down alone  
To make our little souls His own.

Dear Lord above, teach me Thy love;  
Make me Thy gentle, spotless dove—  
To find my nest within Thy breast,  
And there in peace and safety rest.

## Signs of Christmas

By Willis B. Hawk

When ma begins to tiptoe round  
    'N' we begin to hear  
A certain hushy, whisp'rin sound  
    About this time of year,  
We know that she 'n' Sandy Claus  
    Are fixin' things to do,  
'N' so we never peek, because  
    They never want us to.

When sister Mary goes about  
    A-hintin' that she wishes  
She had a teapot with a spout  
    To match her set of dishes,  
We know it's time for us to write  
    Our letters 'n' to set 'em  
Beside the hearth where, in the night,  
    Ole Sandy Claus 'll get 'em.

When all the seats in Sunday School  
    Are filled 'ith girls 'n' boys  
'N' no one ever breaks a rule  
    'R makes a bit of noise,  
We know it can't be very long  
    Till Sandy will appear  
'N' pass his presents to the throng  
    That comes but once a year.

When Aunt Melindy comes 'n' brings  
    The children 'n' the bird,  
'N' she and ma make popcorn strings  
    We never say a word,

But anybody ought to see  
That she has come to stay  
Till time to have the Chris'mus tree,  
Which can't be far away.

When pa comes sneakin' 'crost the lot  
A-lookin' guilty, so't  
You'd think he'd stole the things he's got  
Inside his overcoat,  
We know it's time for us to run  
'N' carry in the wood  
'N' see that all our chores are done,  
'N' otherwise be good.

### The Reason Why

I know two boys who love to play—  
Who all their teachers disobey—  
And never do attention pay  
To any word their elders say  
From January until May!

But when the summer pleasures go,  
And autumn's ruddy colors glow,  
And chilly winds begin to blow,  
And dark November brings her snow—  
These naughty boys make solemn pause,  
And try to keep their teachers' laws,  
And study hard, and win applause;  
And all this change is just because  
They want to please old Santa Claus!

Now, since this story is quite true,  
Can one of these bad boys be you?

## At Christmas Tide

Nancy Byrd Turner

Lights on mantel and treetop,  
Lights at the window bar,  
And once in a dark December  
The light of a lovely Star.

Music of bell and organ,  
Music in street and lane,  
And once on an eastern hillside  
The angels' glad refrain.

Gifts in castle and cottage,  
Gifts in hut and hall,  
And once in a dusty manger  
The greatest Gift of all.

## "Yule-Tide" and the "Yule-Log"

Yule-tide is at hand and we hear a good deal of the "yule-log." In olden times they laid stress on "yule-candle" and on "yule-cake." In very olden times, five hundred years ago, they spoke of "yule-dough" or "yule-baby," which was dough cut out in the form of a little boy or little girl and baked and which it was the custom of bakers to present to their customers at Christmas.

"Yule" is derived either from Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon and there are four times as many explanations or guesses at the original meaning of the word as there are letters in it. It has been said that "yule-log" is a corruption of "ale-log," and it is set down in old chronicles that it was a custom in England, more especially in the county of Norfolk and other parts of the North, to allow tenants and retainers of the lord of the manor to drink the best or strongest ale as long as the yule-log burned.

For this reason the lord's servants were interested in cutting the thickest and longest-burning log that they could find in the lord's forest. It was cut as long as the fire-place was wide and knotty oak was usually chosen.

To the ashes of the yule-log were ascribed certain efficacious properties and they were gathered from the fire-place with care. For one thing they were mixed with cattle feed to preserve the animals from disease and also cure them of any disease. Scattered on the land the ashes of the yule-log protected crops against blight.

There are "authorities" who say that the yule-log was the center of the bonfires which the pagan Scandinavians lighted in honor of their god Thor, at about the time of the winter solstice, and that, Christmas coming at about the time of the winter solstice, the yule-log burning was continued by the Scandinavians after their conversion to Christianity. Another story is that the Christian missionaries, after converting the northern pagans, required them to cut down a large tree, hew from its trunk a heavy log and then burn that log as a symbol that they renounced their heathen gods. This formal renunciation of paganism and induction into Christianity was often timed to take place during the Christian celebration of the birth of Christ, and it is said that in this way the yule-log came to be a part of the celebration of Christmas.

"Yule" is spelled in so many ways by the early writers that it is confusing and one cannot always make out what "yule" is meant. A clear and frequent way of spelling it in the Middle ages was "ewle." Some writers have hit upon a theory that there is a connection between the words "yule" and "yowl" or "howl," and that it was the "yowling time" or the time for making noise and being festive—the time of greatest revelry of the year.

## Christmas In The Heart

Laura Hooker

What is the thought of Christmas? Giving.  
What is the hope of Christmas? Living.  
What is the joy of Christmas? Love.  
No silver or gold is needed for giving,  
If the heart is filled with Christmas love,  
For the hope of the world is kindly living,  
Learned from the joy of God above.

## Grandma's Mistake

Poor Grandma! I do hate to tell her,  
And yet it does seem very queer;  
She's lived so much longer than I have,  
And I — why, I've known it a year!  
Even Alice begins to look doubtful,  
And she is so babyish, too,  
And mamma slyly laughs at the nonsense,  
But Grandma believes it is true.

I did it all up in brown paper,  
And laid it just there by her plate;  
She put on her glasses so slowly,  
I thought that I never could wait.  
But when she had opened the bundle,  
"My patience!" she said, "how complete!  
A dear little box for my knitting—  
Now isn't old Santa Claus sweet!

"To think that the funny old fellow  
Should notice I needed just this;  
If he should come in here this morning,  
I think I should give him a kiss!"



She never once looked at me, never;  
Of course I had nothing to say,  
But I was so mortified truly,  
I just had to run right away.

Poor Grandma. I do hate to tell her!  
But some day, of course, she'll find out;  
And then she will laugh to remember  
What once she was puzzled about.  
But as for that beautiful work box  
She laid with such care on the shelf,  
How can she think Santa Claus brought it?  
I made the thing for her myself.

### A Prayer for Christmas Eve

O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,  
On this the gladdest night of all the year,  
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces,  
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer.  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

And there be tempted souls this night, still waging  
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers;  
Anthems of peace while the dread strife is raging,  
Sound but a mockery through their midnight hours;  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send thy tempted, sinless Christ-child very near.

Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing,  
Who feel this night all earthly love denied,  
Who hear but dirges in the loud bells' throbbing  
For loved ones lost who blessed last Christmastide;  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send the loving Christ-child very near.

## God's Precious Gift

(Speech for a boy)

*"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

God's love to man — what theme sublime  
Could so our thoughts employ,  
As here we meet this Christmas-time  
With hearts so full of joy?  
Behold, a Saviour comes to earth,  
In love's redeeming plan,  
The Son beloved, in lowly birth,  
God's precious gift to man.

God's precious gift, let every heart  
Throb with the joyful strain,  
And every voice take up its part  
To swell the sweet refrain;  
For here is seen God's boundless love,  
To mortals shed abroad,  
The Son beloved, sent from above,  
The precious gift of God.

## Christmas Time

Mrs. F. Spangenberg

Do you know the olden story  
Of the Star that led the way,  
When the wise men sought the Infant,  
That in Bethlehem's manger lay?  
In the East it shone so brightly,  
Then o'er Judah's hillsides steep,  
Where the shepherds lay in slumber  
By their flocks of quiet sheep.

Have you heard how angel voices  
Sang the sweet and solemn strain?—  
Glory in the Highest! Glory!  
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

Every year the wond'rous story  
Thrills our spirits with delight,  
And that Star thro' all the ages  
Makes the world's dark pathways bright.

Sinful lives grow purer, better  
For the Babe, so meek and mild,  
For the children's Infant Saviour,  
Who in Bethlehem's manger smiled.

To the parents, to the children  
Comes the sweet, angelic strain,—  
Glory in the Highest! Glory!  
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

### **The Christmas Tree**

Of all the trees that swing to the breeze,  
From the mountains down to the sea,  
Not one tonight gives such delight  
As the beautiful Christmas tree.

Like apples of gold its fruit behold  
With promises for all,  
On Christmas night they all are ripe,  
And ready quite to fall.

We'll strip the fruit from top to root,  
Till none thereon appear;  
Then home we'll go, for more to grow  
Before another year.

## The Gifts of God

(Exercise for Eleven Speakers)

Suggestions.—The tallest one should be the central speaker, or Number 1, and should come on the platform alone, and first. The others come on as they speak. The group, when all are in position, would be as follows:

|             |               |                |
|-------------|---------------|----------------|
|             | Number One.   |                |
|             | Number Two.   | Number Three.  |
|             | Number Four.  | Number Five.   |
|             | Number Six.   | Number Seven.  |
|             | Number Eight. | Number Nine.   |
| Number Ten. |               | Number Eleven. |

A pretty effect may be produced in this way: Take several yards of delicate (not heavy) evergreen rope. This rope is for the purpose of connecting the eleven speakers as branches of the vine. Place the middle part of the rope over the shoulders of the central speaker. The part on the right is gathered up into five coils and held in the right hand. The part on the left is gathered up in the same way and held in the left hand. Thus attired, the central speaker comes on to the center of the platform and speaks. The second speaker then comes on at the right, takes the coil from the central speaker's right hand and speaks. The third speaker comes on at the left, takes the coil from the central speaker's left hand, and speaks. All the speakers come on in the same way. They hold the rope in their hands not quite as high as they would a book for reading. Each speaker must emphasize the name of the gift that he represents.

If the evergreen rope is not available, the exercise will go well without it.

### *Number 1.*

Jesus said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." It is a good thing in considering the gifts of God to think of Christ, the one great, precious gift, as the vine; and all the other gifts as depending upon that one central gift as branches upon the vine.

JESUS, THE SON, is the gift of God.

The Father gave His only Son,

That gift all others brings;

In giving His beloved One

Will He not give all things?

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him, also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32).

*Number 2.*

ETERNAL LIFE is the gift of God.

Eternal life to them I give,  
And they shall perish never;  
With me in glory they shall live  
Forever and forever.

"And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." (John 10:28).

*Number 3.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT is the gift of God.

Blest Spirit, Comforter divine,  
On all life's darksome road  
He makes the light of truth to shine,  
And leads us to our God.

"If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Matt. 7:11).

*Number 4.*

GRACE AND GLORY are the gift of God.

His grace and glory, O how sweet,  
What blessing, what delight!  
And these He gives with good complete  
To all who live aright.

"The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Psalm 84:11).

*Number 5.*

WISDOM is the gift of God.

True wisdom, gift of greater worth  
Than gold or princely gem,  
He freely gives to sons of earth  
Who humbly ask of Him.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

(James 1:5).

*Number 6.*

REST is the gift of God.

Ye weary ones with toil and care,  
And burdens great opprest,  
"Come unto me," His kind words are,  
"And I will give you rest."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28).

*Number 7.*

PEACE is the gift of God.

When sorrow's bitter deeps are stirred  
Or foes rise up in view,  
Above all strife we hear His word,  
"My peace I give to you."

"My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." (John 14:17).

*Number 8.*

POWER is the gift of God.

The Lord, in every trying hour,  
Gives strength unto the faint;  
For conquests great He giveth power  
To every feeble saint.



“He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.” (Isa. 40, 29).

*Number 9.*

VICTORY is the gift of God.

Give thanks, give thanks, ye blood-washed throng,  
To God who ever lives;  
His might proclaim in loudest song,  
The victory He gives.

“Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (1 Cor. 15:58).

*Number 10.*

WHITE ROBES are the gift of God.

On that great day our Lord His own  
Will place at God's right hand,  
And they before the Father's throne  
In robes of white shall stand.

“And there was given unto them, to each one a white robe.” (Rev. 6:11).

*Number 11.*

A CROWN OF LIFE is the gift of God.

How vain the pomp that mortals love!  
How empty earth's renown!  
But He, to those who faithful prove,  
Gives an immortal crown.

“Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life.” (Rev. 2:10).

*All the speakers.—*

These gifts of God, this Christmas-day,  
With joy we bring to mind,  
And gratitude to Him we pay,  
Jehovah, good and kind;

But all the gifts that He has given,  
O wouldst thou tell them o'er?  
Go, count the myriad stars of heaven,  
The sands along the shore!

And every gift and every good  
Of every kind and name,  
Comes to us if we understood,  
Because God's own Son came.  
Him did the blessed Father send,  
Redeemer, Saviour mine,  
All other gifts on this depend,  
As branches on the vine.

### **The Angel's Message**

**Laurene Highfield**

#### **FIRST VOICE**

Night had settled o'er the city, stillness brooded o'er the  
plain;  
Shepherd bands their watch were keeping that the flocks  
might safe remain,  
When upon their dazzled vision shone a radiant flood of  
light,  
And an angel stood before them while they trembled at  
the sight.

#### **SECOND VOICE**

On the plain, outside the city, David oft his flocks had kept  
In the mystic drowsy stillness, as the sheep in quiet slept;  
None of those who watch were keeping knew the night of  
nights had come,  
Long foretold by sage and prophet, and they waited,  
frightened, dumb.

## THIRD VOICE

From the gates of heav'n came trooping an exultant, shining throng,  
Catching up the precious message, chanting a triumphant song,  
Glory be to God the Father, peace on earth, to men good will,  
Christ has come, the son of David, came all Scripture to fulfill.

**Christmas Tonight**

By Phillips Brooks.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where the cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great and no cottage too small.  
The angels who welcome him sing from the height.  
In the "City of David" a king in his might;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

## SANTA CLAUS MESSENGER SERVICE

By Frank Walcott Hutt

Scene—Platform suitably decorated for the Christmas Season. Green boughs, plants, holly, etc.

### CHARACTERS

Santa Claus in the traditional costume.

Superintendent of Messengers (if feasible, in uniform, with gold braided cap).

Five Messenger Boys.—In uniform of Messenger Boys.

#### *Superintendent of Messengers.*

Christmas is here, and we welcome you,  
Friends who have gathered, both old and new.  
This is the season when children all  
Know their friend Santa is sure to call;  
Everyone's ready, this time of year,  
When he starts out with his Christmas cheer,  
Always to hasten and ask of him  
Not to forget any Tiny Tim.  
So have we come from our homes, to greet  
Santa Claus here, with his reindeer, fleet,  
Wondering what he will have to say,  
When he comes galloping on his way,  
Wondering what he will bring along,  
When he arrives with his friendly song.  
We are expecting, this Christmas-tide,  
Soon to have word of his merry ride;  
Fresh from the wires the news will hum,  
Telling just how the good saint will come.  
Tell us the news that we wait to know.  
Here's the first messenger, then. What, ho,  
'Tell us the news that wait to know.

*First Messenger* (running in, and holding message in his hand) :

Central says that Santa Claus has started on his way,  
With his teams of reindeer, and his big, old-fashioned sleigh ;

Thinks the people like the sleigh and reindeer best, because

Otherwise, they wouldn't know that it was Santa Claus.  
He has heaped behind him every gift beneath the sun,  
All directed safely — and he never loses one.

Central says that Santa says that Mrs. Santa sends  
Love to all the children, and to all her Christmas friends.

(Exit)

*Superintendent of Messengers:*

That means he's coming, and no one knows  
Once he is started, how fast he goes.  
Cheery old driver, he keeps right well  
Every safe road, as he comes pell-mell.  
He may have many a jolt, but yet  
Santa Claus never has been upset.  
So, while he's speeding to you and me,  
Where, at the present, can Santa be?

*Second Messenger* (like the first) :

I bring a message saying that our friend is safe from harm,

A long, long distance off, as yet, but resting at a farm ;  
And such a welcome he received, and such a jolly din,  
When, with his pack upon his back, good Santa Claus came in,

The farmer and his wife, and all the children gathered there

Invited him to stay a day, their Christmas feast to share.  
But, after shaking hands all round, and leaving gifts and  
toys

For all the grown-up people and the little girls and boys,  
He said he must be going, as he didn't want to slight  
A single home in all the land, and must get through to-  
night.

(Exit)

*Superintendent of Messengers:*

It's good to hear that he's safe and sound,  
And hearty greetings and friends are found.  
They must not keep him too long, that's clear,  
Since you and I shall expect him here.  
And now we're wondering, East or West,  
Who has our traveler for a guest.

*Third Messenger (ditto):*

Our Santa Claus, still on his ride,  
This news to us has sent:  
He made his reindeer stop beside  
A tiny tenement;  
And going in, what should he see  
But children poor and small,  
And not a sign of Christmas tree,  
Nor any gifts, at all.  
But, quicker than it takes to tell,  
The place was free from gloom,  
And, in the way he knows so well,  
He brightened all the room;  
Wide swung their hearts' long-bolted door,  
For Santa Claus, their host,  
As from his well-stocked sleigh he bore  
The things they needed most.



He brought a little Christmas tree,  
All filled with bells and toys,  
And then the children danced with glee,  
Like other girls and boys.  
He saw that all were clothed and fed,  
And happy in their play,  
And, shouting "Merry Christmas," sped  
Along upon his way.

(Exit)

*Superintendent of Messengers:*

That's just like Santa Claus, rare old saint,  
Noble of heart, though we call him quaint.  
We may depend that he'll stop to find  
Those who are needy, the sick and blind.  
Never too full is his list, to add  
One present more for some lass or lad.  
Hark — there's a messenger. Enter, there;  
How does the friend of the children fare?

*Fourth Messenger (ditto):*

Santa's stopped ten miles away  
To fill a Christmas tree  
In a public park, they say,  
As jolly as can be.  
Everybody gives a cheer,  
And treats him like a king,  
And he thinks he'll wait, to hear  
A thousand children sing.  
Central says the best of fun  
By Santa Claus is found;  
Something good for everyone  
Is gladly passed around.

Though he had to give away  
His presents by the score,  
Still he carries in his sleigh  
About as many more.  
(Exit)

*Superintendent of Messengers:*

Wonderful, isn't it, how he speeds  
Over the road with his reindeer steeds?  
Wonderful ride that he takes tonight,  
Scattering happiness left and right,  
Wonderful scenes of the young and old—  
Yet half the story has not been told.  
News of his visits, a very few,  
Messenger service has brought to you—  
How many stockings he stops to fill,  
How many hearts with his tokens thrill.  
Look! Here's a messenger running fast.  
He must be close to our gates, at last.

*Fifth Messenger:*

I've only just a minute, friends,  
For Santa Claus is due,  
Here is the message Central sends:  
He's coming into view.  
His deer are trotting through the town,  
Their antlers high in air;  
And Santa Claus, of old renown,  
Is bowing everywhere.  
(Exit)

*Superintendent of Messengers:*

Yes, he is coming. The music swells—  
Santa Claus' laughter and reindeer bells.

(Hidden chorus sings "Jingle Bells," to the ringing of sleigh-bells.)

*Santa Claus:*

Good cheer. A Merry Christmas to you all—  
I'm sure that this will be a pleasant call.  
I've several hours while my reindeer rest,  
So I may stop awhile, and be your guest;  
And while the messengers unload the sleigh,  
We'll celebrate this merry holiday.  
For Mrs. Santa Claus and I, you know,  
Had planned for this occasion, months ago.  
In friendship's name tonight, then, let us bring  
Glad hearts with every Christmas offering.

**What Shall I Give?**

Rose Terry Cooke

What shall I give to thee, O Lord?  
The kings that came of old  
Laid softly on thy cradle rude  
Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood  
Their ashes strewed thy way;  
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust  
To speed thy coming day.

We offer thee nor life, nor death;  
Our gifts to man we give;  
Dear Lord, on this thy day of birth,  
O, what dost thou receive?

There came a voice from heavenly heights:  
"Unclose thine eyes and see,  
Gifts to the least of those I love  
Thou givest unto me."

## The Low Door

There was once a beautiful palace where lived a great king. The walls were of white marble, and the doors were overlaid with gold. Everything within and without was more lovely than words can tell, and in the gardens flowers bloomed and fountains played. Best of all, the king himself who lived there, could be seen at any time by his servants and friends who were so happy as to be with him in his royal home.

The palace itself was so large that there was room enough for all the royal subjects who chose to live with their king. The only trouble was in the way to reach it. There was something very peculiar about this. The path was very straight and narrow and there was but one entrance. This was a very low door, so low that every man and woman who wished to pass through, must stoop almost to the ground to do it. The door was not only low, but narrow, and it often happened that people came up to it carrying great bundles of things, gathered up for themselves along the way, of which they seemed to think a great deal. These packs so loaded the travelers that it was impossible for them to bend as they should, and the burdens themselves would not go in through the narrow opening. Then they had to take their choice between dropping the bundles and stooping low, or going away from the door that led to the palace, carrying with them the packs of rubbish picked up along the way.

It seemed to take long for many to decide what they would do. Some at last let go of their loads and stooped low to pass in. Others were not willing to give up what they carried and went sadly away.

But there were some, Oh, what a glad thing it was, there were some who could go in easily, although the door

was low and narrow. They had not had time to gather great bundles, and did not find it hard to drop the few sticks or stones in their hands, while they were so short that a little bending of the head would allow them to pass in safety. These—Oh surely you can guess, were the little children, who found it easy to go in. Did all go through the narrow way, do you think? Many did, but alas, would you believe it? some said they did not care very much about the palace and would rather take their own way. Others said they would pass in after a time, but would wait awhile and see that they could gather up for themselves first, forgetting that every load must be dropped and that the taller they were the more they must stoop to enter the low door.

But those that went in gladly, what of them? They found a guide who led them safely all the way, and when they reached the palace of the king they were so rich and glad that not one ever thought again of anything left behind on the other side of that low door through which they came on the way to the beautiful home.

Now, do you see the meaning of this story? Jesus says that except we all become as little children, as lowly and ready to take the Father's Word as they are to trust their fathers, we can not come into His kingdom. We can't take with us any good works or earthly things but must drop them all and just trust and be lowly. Then surely it is easier for the children to come now to the Saviour than it will be by and by when they are older. If big people have to become like little children to come into the kingdom of heaven, surely it is easier for the children to come while they are little, before they grow up.

It is easier to trust Jesus to do all for us before we

begin to think we can do much for ourselves. Won't you come in at the low door?

(Author unknown.)

## **A Christmas Child**

Mary Slade

O Christmas Child, so wise and dear!  
Who came to little children here  
To help them pure and good to be,  
O let us always follow Thee!

O Christmas Child, so wise and dear!  
Thy birthday comes in every year,  
And children over all the earth  
Remember it with joy and mirth.

O let us strive unselfishly  
That others, too, may happy be;  
Thy gentle spirit meek and mild  
Be ours this day, O Christmas Child!

## **"Watching In" Christmas**

Flora Kirkland

Have you heard the sweet old legend  
Of the cattle in the field?  
How they bow their knees in worship  
And their praise to heaven yield,  
At the solemn midnight season  
Just before the Christmas dawn?  
Bending low in adoration  
At the hour when Christ was born?

Do you know the Southern custom  
Built upon this legend sweet?  
Held in all the old plantations  
When the light and darkness meet,  
How they watched the dawning Christmas;  
"Watched it in" with prayer and praise,  
"Watched it in" with consecration;—  
Blessed Day-spring! Day of days!

While we know 'tis but a legend,  
That the cattle kneel and pray;  
Has it not a tender lesson  
For each Christian heart today?  
Calling out a rev'rent mem'ry  
Of that first glad Christmas-tide;  
When the Christ in sweet compassion,  
Laid His robes of light aside.

Chose a manger for His cradle,  
Pillowed low His Kingly head,  
On the yellow hay at midnight  
In a Bethl'em cattle-shed.  
What a wondrous sight was granted  
To the cattle standing by  
With His angels singing o'er them  
And His starlight in the sky!

As this latest Christmas season  
Comes to greet the world once more;  
As the joyous Christmas carol  
Tells the story o'er and o'er,  
Let the sweet old Southern legend  
Whisper to our hearth today,  
Let the "Watching In" of Christmas,  
Move us now to watch and pray.



**Come Back to Bethlehem**

Come back today to Bethlehem,  
The year is on the wane,  
A truce to strife that wearies life,  
A truce to grief and pain.  
O heart, return to Bethlehem  
And hear its song again!

If siren voices, luring thee,  
Have turned thy thoughts aside,  
If thou hast quaffed the bitter draught  
Of envy or of pride,  
If thou in agony of shame  
Hast thy dear Lord denied.

Come back today to Bethlehem,  
All in the quickening dawn,  
With wistful eyes regard the skies  
Ere yet the gloom is gone.  
O, list the song of Bethlehem  
Forever pealing on!

O, burdened with the weight of sin,  
And worn with many a care,  
Here drop thy load, the sunrise road  
Is open at thy prayer.  
Return, return to Bethlehem,  
The angels wait thee there!

Come back, come back to Bethlehem!  
Behold the Virgin's Child  
By prophets told in ages old,  
The fair, the undefiled!  
Lo, peace is born in Bethlehem  
To soothe earth's tumults wild.

Come back today to Bethlehem!  
Though thou hast wandered far,  
No rest shall fill thy yearning breast  
Until thou see the Star.  
O heart, return to Bethlehem,  
Where yet the angels are!

### **The Story of Christmas-Time**

Sarah D. Hobart

'Tis a story sweet of the years gone by,  
How a strange star shone in the Eastern sky,  
And the band of shepherds wandering nigh  
Followed its guiding way;  
And over the wave and o'er the strand  
And over the desolate wastes of sand,  
It led their feet to the happy land  
Where the blessed Christ-Child lay.

Oh, rich were the gifts their hands unrolled;  
Glistening gem and gleaming gold,  
Shimmering fabrics fold on fold,  
From the gorgeous Indian loom;  
Incense from fragrant Araby,  
Pale amber from the Southern Sea,  
And the fragrant heart of the camphor tree  
Blended in sweet perfume.

Silver nor gold we bring to thee,  
Lord of the bounteous Christmas tree!  
Echo the angels' still;  
Over the sad world's dirge of pain  
Tenderly swells the glad refrain,  
"Christ, the Comforter, brings again  
Peace, on earth good will!"

### The Gift of Love

On this happiest day of days,  
Unto God our thoughts we'll raise;  
All His words we'll keep in mind,  
All His deeds so wondrous kind.  
He hath pitied our distress,  
He hath given His Son to bless;  
Christ, our Saviour, from above,  
Comes, the precious gift of love.

### Life, Light, Joy

Snowy lily, emblem meet  
Of the Virgin, pure and sweet;  
Wondrous star, surpassing bright,  
Guiding to the Star of Light;  
Shepherds who their vigils keep  
O'er the gentle lambs and sheep;  
Angels, singing peace and love,  
Blest evangel from above;  
    These are visions that abide  
    In my heart at Christmas-tide,  
    When the Christ-Child comes to be  
    Life, and light, and joy to me.

Orient village o'er the sea,  
In a land of reverie;  
Jesus in a manger bed,  
Rays of glory round his head;  
Cattle kneeling in their stall;  
Magi, who before Him fall  
With their precious offerings,  
Hailing Him the King of kings;

These are visions that abide  
In my heart at Christmas-tide,  
When the Christ-Child comes to be  
Life, and light, and joy to me.

Churches decked with living green;  
Each dear home a festive scene;  
Happy faces everywhere,  
Gladness in the very air;  
Something beautiful and good  
In all common babyhood;  
But the Perfect Babe was born  
On the holy Christmas morn.

Ah! what visions sweet abide  
In my heart at Christmas-tide,  
When the Christ-Child comes to be  
Life, and light, and joy to me.

## Christmas Poem

Tennyson

The time draws near the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid; the night it still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets 'round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,  
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

**The Greatest Christmas**

Alfred Hayes

Two thousand troubled years  
Time's weary brow have worn  
Since that strange star to shepherds told  
The Prince of Peace was born.

Two thousand years of gloom,  
Of groping toward the light,  
Of prophets scorned and martyrs slain  
And battles done for right.

But year by year the bells  
The old, glad tidings bring,  
And men forget their strife, to keep  
The birthday of the King.

Christ's kingdom yet will come,  
And good prevail o'er ill,  
Though often with a crown of thorns  
We mock the Master still.

But He will not forsake  
The world for which He died,  
Till all mankind be gathered home  
At the great Christmastide.

**Ring Out, Ye Happy Bells**

Frank H. Sweet

Ring out! ring out! ye happy bells, and warm the wintry  
air,

Ring out your joyous Christmas news and send it every-  
where.

The world is big, the world is bare, the world is choked  
with snow;

Ring long and well and break the spell and make the cold-  
ness go.  
Oh, ring into the humble homes where chill and shadows  
lurk,  
And give them cheer, and give them strength, and give  
them hope to work;  
Ring joyously across the snow, ring gladly through the  
gloom,  
Ring thrillingly and willingly through every darkened  
room.  
And in your tender, loving hearts include all creed and  
clime,  
And far and near proclaim the cheer of this, the Christ-  
mas time.

### Christmas Carol

It came upon the midnight clear,  
The glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold;  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"  
From heaven's all gracious King,  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## A Christmas Song

J. G. Holland

There's a song in the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's deep prayer

And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire, while the Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star

Lie the ages impearled!

And that song from afar

Has swept over the world.

Every heart is aflame, and the Beautiful sing

In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

## The Christmas Gift

Mary D. Brine

You never could guess, though you tried a week,

What Santa Claus brought to our little boy,

With the dawn of the Christmas, glad and bright

When the soft, new snow was piled high and white,

And the bells were ringing for very joy.

It was only the night before that he

Had hung up his crimson stocking wee,

And, merrily nodding his golden head,

He snuggled deep down in his little bed,

As happy as ever a boy could be.

"Oh! there will be candy," he said, "I know,

And a good big drum, and some steam-cars, too;

But I want something that I've *never had*,

Something real new," said my four-year-old lad.

"I hope he will bring it, Mamma, don't you?"



Now, whether old Santa Claus heard him then  
I really can't say; but next morning, when  
Our little boy opened his happy eyes  
And the Christmas sun was high in the skies  
The gladdest was he of all little men.

For better than candies, or drum, or cars  
Was the gift that slumbered on Mamma's bed;  
The little new sister for Jamie to love,  
The Christmas present from Heaven above.  
"Oh! I thank dear Santa Claus," Jamie said.

### Good Christmas-Time

When mistletoe and holly bough  
With evergreen our homes adorn,  
Then Christmas comes to us, I trow,  
And charity in us is born.  
We put aside our selfishness,  
Forget our grasping greed of gold;  
We strive somewhat the world to bless,  
Recalling happy days of old!  
The heavens then had star and song,  
But star and song are here today;  
Love's angels to our hearts belong,  
If we renew their roundelay.  
"Good-will and peace." O, spread it far,  
And live for it with courage bold!  
Above us shines the radiant star  
That blest the glorious days of old!  
Still may the child of poverty  
From high and low solicit care.  
It holds within its destiny  
An answer to the wide world's prayer.

**A Christmas Carol**

Longfellow

I hear along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs;  
Hark! they play so sweet,  
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Even higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring  
Every day the chimes;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet;  
While the rafters rang,  
There they stood with freezing feet.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else,  
Christmas songs at times have tried  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered heads and feet.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings;  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

### **A Merry Christmas Dream**

I had a dream the other night  
When everything was still,  
I dreamed I gave each friend of mine  
A thousand dollar bill.  
Yes, I was handing out the stuff  
To each good friend and true  
When — darn the luck — they woke me up  
Just as I came to you

### Santa's Boy

Alice Tolland Criss

When Christmas time comes round each year,  
With all its Christmas joy,  
I cannot help but almost wish  
I was Santa's little boy;  
And then, perhaps, Pa Santa'd say,  
"My son, dear little elf,  
Just look around through all these toys,  
And be sure to help yourself!"

### A Song for Christmas Eve

Clara Broughton Conant

O blessed Night! A Star shines bright,  
Though seen through falling snow,  
The Star of love, lit from above,  
To set the world aglow.  
Child-voices sweet once more repeat  
The angels' glorious strain;  
Our gray old Earth, in holy mirth,  
Becomes a child again!  
Chime sweetly on, ye Christmas bells, while happy voices  
sing;  
Shine out, O Star, from heaven afar, and guide us to our  
King!

O Baby fair! Though poor and bare  
Thy cradle on that night,  
How rich a train proclaimed Thy reign—  
A host of angels bright!  
To hail the little new-born King.  
A few poor shepherds came,

Although with wonder, joy and love  
The heavens were aflame.  
Chime sweetly on, ye silver bells, while happy voices sing!  
Shine out, O Star, from heaven afar, and guide us to our  
King!

The Sages gray were on their way,  
Led by that heavenly Light,  
O Star of love, shine from above,  
And make our pathway bright!  
They brought Him gold and spices rare,  
And at His feet adored;  
Oh, may we kneel in tender prayer,  
Around Thy cradle, Lord!  
The loving heart, the prayer of faith are sweeter gifts to  
bring.  
Shine out, O Star, from heaven afar, and guide us to our  
King!

### A Christmas Cross

Willis Boyd Allen

No fir tree in the forest dark  
But humbly bears its cross;  
No human heart in God's wide world  
But mourns its bitter loss.  
Yet Christmas-tide can clothe the fir  
In splendors all unguessed,  
And bring to every suffering heart  
Its joy, its peace, its rest.  
God rest you, then, my gentle friend,  
And take your cross away,  
Or clothe it with a radiance new,  
On this glad Christmas Day.

## Christmas Bells

Flora K. Koerner

I love to hear the Christmas bells,  
That ring from steeples high,  
That send the Christmas message out  
Unto the wintry sky.  
I love to hear the sleighbells, too,  
With merry tinkling chime,  
They tell that snow and frost are here  
To greet the Christmas time.

## A Christmas Carol

F. L. Hosmer

Not over great Jerusalem  
Rested the mystic star of old,  
But over little Bethlehem,  
In holy legend we are told.  
  
It passed the mighty of the earth,  
The pride of wealth, the pomp of kings,  
To mark a prophet's lowly birth,  
And shame the scorn of common things.  
  
Not beat of drum, nor bugle cry,  
Announced the prophet's coming reign,  
But "Glory be to God on high,  
On earth be peace, good will to men."  
  
The watching shepherds heard with awe,  
And felt the brush of unseen wings,  
While from afar the magi saw,  
And joyful came with offerings.

Still go before us, mystic star,  
Our dull and blinded eyes to clear,  
We follow with the magi far,  
And with the wond'ring shepherds hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,  
We sing with them the Christmas strain,  
"All glory be to God on high,  
On earth be peace, good will to men."

### The Wise Men

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young Child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo! the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshiped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.



**Christmas**

Paul Gerhardt

## I

## A SONG OF JOY AT DAWN

All my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear,  
Far and near,  
Sweetest angel voices;  
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,  
Till the air  
Everywhere  
Now with joy is ringing.

For it dawns, the promised morrow  
Of His birth  
Who the earth  
Rescues from her sorrow.  
God to wear our form descendeth,  
Of His grace  
To our race  
Here His Son He lendeth;

Yea, so truly for us careth,  
That His Son  
All we've done  
As our offering beareth;  
As our Lamb who, dying for us,  
Bears our load,  
And to God  
Doth in peace restore us.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet,  
Doth entreat,

"Flee from woe and danger;  
Brethren come, from all doth grieve you  
    You are freed,  
    All you need  
I will surely give you."

Come then, let us hasten yonder;  
    Here let all,  
    Great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder,  
Love Him who with love is yearning;  
    Hail the Star  
    That from far  
Bright with hope is burning!

Ye who pine in weary sadness,  
    Weep no more,  
    For the door  
Now is found of gladness.  
Cling to Him, for He will guide you  
    Where no cross  
    Pain or loss,  
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye heavy-hearted;  
    Who for sin  
    Deep within,  
Long and sore have smarted;  
For the poison'd wounds you're feeling  
    Help is near,  
    One is here  
Mighty for their healing!

Hither come, ye poor and wretched;  
    Know His will  
    Is to fill

Every hand outstretched;  
Here are riches without measure,  
    Here forget  
    All regret,  
Fill your hearts with treasure.  
  
Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee?  
    Keep Thou me  
    Close to Thee,  
Cast me not behind Thee!  
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,  
    Calm I rest  
    On Thy breast,  
All this void Thou fillest.  
  
Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,  
    Live to Thee,  
    And with Thee  
Dying shall not perish;  
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,  
    Far on high,  
    In the joy  
That can alter never.

### What Will You Give to Jesus?

(An exercise for any number to fourteen, children, and their teacher. Each child should wear a scarf or sash, upon which is inscribed the name of his or her gift.)

TEACHER.—“What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits toward us?”

FIRST CHILD.—*Strength*—“Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength.”

SECOND CHILD.—*Glory*—“Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.”

THIRD CHILD.—*Heart*—God says “My son, give me thine heart.”

FOURTH CHILD.—*Eyes*—“Let Thine eyes observe my ways.”

FIFTH CHILD.—*Thanks*—“O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever.”

SIXTH CHILD.—*Praise*—“I will sing and give praise.”

SEVENTH CHILD.—*Body*—“Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.”

EIGHTH CHILD.—*Hands*—“Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.”

NINTH CHILD.—*Obedience*—“All that the Lord hath said He will do, and be obedient.”

TENTH CHILD.—*Love*—“I will love Thee, O Lord my strength.”

ELEVENTH CHILD.—*Trust*—“I will trust in the Lord for ever and ever.”

TWELFTH CHILD.—*Wealth*—“All the silver and gold are consecrated unto the Lord: they shall come into the treasury of the Lord.”

THIRTEENTH CHILD. — *Service*—“Now therefore fear the Lord and serve Him in sincerity and truth.”

FOURTEENTH CHILD.—*Life*—“Lord, why can not I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake.”

TEACHER.—

Fair gifts are these which you have brought today,

And worthy to be offered to a King;

The richest gifts within the richest store

Are none too good for Him whose praise we sing.

## Christmas Eve

The sun is set, the stars begin  
Their stations in His watch on high,  
As once around that Bethlehem inn;  
The vesper hour is nigh.

A little maid with eager gaze,  
Comes hurrying to the house of prayer,  
Shaping in heart a wild green maze  
Of woodland branches there.

One look, — a cloud comes o'er her dream:  
No burnished leaves, so fresh and clear,  
No berries with their ripe red gleam:—  
"There is no Christmas here."

What if that little maiden's Lord,  
The awful Child on Mary's knee,  
Even now take up the accusing word:—  
"No Christmas here I see.

"Where are the fruits I yearly seek,  
As holy seasons pass away,  
Eyes turned from ill, lips pure and meek,  
A heart that strives to pray?

"Where are the glad and artless smiles,  
Like clustering, hollies, seen afar  
At eve along the o'ershaded aisles,  
With the first twilight star?"

Spare, gracious Saviour, me and mine:  
Our tardy vows in mercy hear,  
While on our watch the cold skies shine  
Of the departing year.

Ere we again that glimmering view,  
Cleansed be our hearts and lowly laid;  
The unfruitful plant do thou renew,  
And all beneath its shade.

By winter frosts and summer heats,  
By pruning sharp and waterings mild,  
Keen airs of Lent, and Easter sweets,  
Tame thou the sour and wild.

And dare we ask for one year more?  
Yea, there is hope: One waits on high  
To tell our contrite yearnings 'oer,  
And each adoring sigh.

If He in Heaven repeat our vow,  
We copying here his pure dread will,—  
O dream of joy! — the withered bough  
May blush with fruitage still.

## A Carol

Frances Havergal

The air is full of gladness  
As carols greet the morn,  
In anthems loud proclaiming  
This day Our Lord was born.  
The little children gather  
About the festive board,  
With songs of simple praises  
As offerings to Our Lord.  
Let all our hearts uniting,  
In joyful notes today,  
Resound the olden story  
That Christ was born this day.

## Christmas Bells

R. T. Greener

Ring loud; ring long!  
Exultant Christmas bells!  
No note peals e'er too high for Him  
Whose natal morn  
Angelic choir and tuneful seraphim  
The waning year still tells  
To burdened souls forlorn.  
Ring loud! ring long!  
Ye merry Christmas bells,  
Ring loud! ring long!

Pray low! pray strong!  
Low-lying, mourning hearts,  
God's well-loved poor! By day, by night,  
Mute lips, give praise.  
He knows thy direst need; know thou His might,  
From bounty's lavish hand,  
In plenty's garnered maize.  
Pray low! pray strong!  
Christ's longing, patient ones,  
Pray low; pray strong!

Moan now, moan now  
No more! On wasting couch  
Gaunt specters, tossing to and fro,  
"Elieson" cry.  
Christ the consoler comes to soothe thy brow,  
To light thy darkened sky,  
To calm all earthly woe.  
Moan now, moan now  
No more! Christ stills both heart  
And moan, and moan.



Ring loud! ring long!  
O strong-toned, Christmas bells!  
For all — the rich, the wise, the poor—  
Your welcome swells;  
Ring loud for charity's wide-open door!  
Ring loud — a stainless name!  
Ring loud for truth's bright score!  
Ring loud! ring long!  
Life's hopeful Christmas bells,  
Ring loud! ring long!

### Emmanuel

A noonday splendor bathed the hills  
Of Bethlehem at midnight hour,  
And heav'nly heralds sweet  
Awoke the earth with bursts of song,  
A new-born King to greet.

With joy they sang: "A Saviour King  
Is born in royal David's town;  
O shepherds, haste ye then  
To worship Him, 'tis Christ, the Lord,  
Who comes to dwell with men."

A little Child, with love-lit eyes,  
And tender outstretched hands, they find,  
And low they bend the knee;  
Nor heed the humble cattle shed,  
Nor rude-built manger see.

For oh, the glory that was there,  
The brightness of that Christmas day,  
No pen nor tongue can tell!  
Nor can the heart its joy express,  
Where dwells Emmanuel.

## A Christmas Greeting

By May L. Restrict

Once again, dear friends, we greet you,  
On this Holy, Happy Day,  
With the old familiar greeting,  
In our own Hawaiian way;  
Fond "Alohas" we would offer,  
Twined with leis and garlands gay,  
Fragrant flowers and Island Holly,  
Bear our love this Christmas Day.

## Invitation to the Christmas Gathering

Mary M. Chase

There's a tree that blossoms in winter time,  
In spite of tempests and wind and snow,  
And fruit as bright as in tropic clime,  
On its fresh green branches wave and glow;  
No matter how gloomy the winter be,  
There's sure to be fruit on the Christmas tree.

We have planted one on the old hill-side,  
And friendship has promised to tend it well,  
Its branches are budding and spreading wide,  
And its earliest flowers we begin to tell;  
And daily it gladdens our eyes to see,  
The rapid growth of the Christmas tree.

It will bear no harvest of crimson and gold,  
Nor shine with the droppings of silver showers,  
The fabled Hesperian trees of old  
Will have no rival in this of ours;  
Neither rich nor rare will the fruitage be,  
Which will hang on the boughs of our Christmas tree.

But plain though it be, it will worthier seem,  
When you think it was nurtured by Friendship's hand,  
And its simple appeal to your kind esteem  
Your generous spirit will scarce withstand;  
So we ask you to come, though it winter be,  
And gather the fruit of our Christmas tree.

### A Christmas Acrostic

By May L. Restrick

(Recited by nine little boys, each holding one of  
the letters that spell Christmas.)

- C** is for Christmas to children most dear,  
The gladdest and merriest time of the year!
- H** is for Holy, which Christmas should be,  
A Holy Day, truly, to you and to me!
- R** is for Reverence; all hearts should be stirred  
To worship the Christ, His Name and His Word!
- I** is for Islands all over the earth,  
Where children are singing the songs of His birth!
- S** is for Saviour, long promised of old,  
Of whom in the Scriptures the prophets foretold!
- T** is for Truth which Christ came to reveal  
To hearts that receive Him, to bless and to heal!
- M** is for Mary the Mother so blessed,  
Who cradled the Christ on her own loving breast!
- A** is for Angels who sang at His birth  
Of peace and good will to all nations of earth!
- S** is for Soldier; for Christ we must fight  
Till Satan is vanquished and right conquers might!

**Christmas All the Year**

Love to God and love to man  
Makes heaven seem always near,  
'Tis love within our hearts that can  
Make Christmas all the year.

**Little Town of Bethlehem**

Phillips Brooks

O, little town of Bethlehem!  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O, morning stars together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King!  
And peace to men on earth.

O, holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray,  
Cast out our sin and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels,  
The great glad tidings tell,  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emanuel.

### An Epiphany Hymn

By May L. Restrict

Lord, we kneel in adoration  
At Thy feet, our King confessed,  
Promised since the earth's creation,  
God in Man made manifest!  
  
Not alone the Eastern sages  
See and follow Thee, their Star,  
But the wise men of all ages  
Bring their treasures from afar!  
  
Each succeeding age the brightness  
Of Thy Heavenly Light appears,  
Shining thro' the clouds of darkness,  
Yet more lustrous thro' the years!  
  
Jesus, Lord, accept the offering  
Of each pilgrim soul today!  
To Thy Light see Nations gathering!  
Lord, illumine Thou their Way!

This hymn was sung at The Children's Epiphany Festival in St. Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu. This was a United Sunday School Service, in which twelve Honolulu Sunday Schools took part. Over 500 children of many races were present, the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans in their native costumes and each school carrying their lovely banners—a never-to-be-forgotten sight and an object lesson in Missionary endeavor.

**Night 'fore Chris'mus**

Most gen'rally at eight o'clock I go upstairs to bed,  
An' jes' undress and say my prayers an' cover up my  
head,

An' shut my eyes up good'n tight an' go to sleep, an' then  
First thing I know it's mornin', an' time to git up again.  
Some nights, er course, don't seem so short, like 'fore the  
Fourth, yer know,

Or 'fore a feller's birthday, or the night jes' 'fore yer go  
To visit gran'pa — oh, my, yes! They're kinder long, but,  
gee!

The night that comes 'fore Chris'mus is a million years  
to me.

Seem's if December, anyway, 's the longest month they is;  
The months that's in the summer, why, they go so fast  
they whiz,

But old December crawls along, so kinder slow and late  
That Christ'mus keeps so far away seems 's if you  
couldn't wait.

An' when yer've marked off all the days but one, an' that's  
most through,

An' yer've hanged up yer stockin' right 'longside the  
chimney flue,

An' said "Good night," an' gone upstairs, my, don't the  
minutes creep!

'Cause when he knows its Chris'mus eve no boy can go to  
sleep.

Yer hear the old hall clock "tick tock" an' hear the wind,  
so low

An' kinder soft an' lonesome like, jes' 's if 'twas goin' to  
snow;

An' then yer wonder if it will, so's yer can slide next day,

An' then yer think 'bout Santa an' his reindeer, an' his sleigh.  
You wonder what he'll bring yer, an' yer wonder how he guessed  
Yer wanted skates las' Christ'mus an' a bowgun an' the rest;  
An' then yer try to git to sleep, an' then, er course, yer don't,  
An' then yer say, "Well, you 'jes will," an' then, er course yer won't.

I s'pose it must be right, but, oh! sometimes it does seem wrong  
That this one night boys wants so short should be so extra long;  
I've tried to think out why it is, but all the 'scuse I've found  
Is that it's long so Santy he'll have time to git around.  
But I know this, I'm mighty glad I ain't a Eskymo  
An' has to live 'way, 'way up north 'mong all the ice and snow;  
I really don't see what they do, the boys, I mean—oh, dear!  
Jes' think of waitin' through a night that lasts a half a year!

### A Christmas Message

Christmas does not belong to times and seasons. Christmas is the spirit of love that is glad when it can serve and sad when it lacks opportunity. Christmas is Christ rejoicing in his fellowship with man in his sin and sorrow. Christmas is love happy in service.



**For a Little Bit of Love**

In the city, in the village,  
In the country or in town,  
There are people by the hundreds  
Who are sad and oft cast down.  
They are waiting for the sunshine  
Which cometh from above;  
Don't you know that they are dying  
For a little bit of love?

Is a smile so very costly,  
A kind word so very dear,  
That we seldom give to others  
What would brighten, what would cheer?  
Let us scatter smiles and sunshine  
As they're showered from above  
Over all the world that's dying  
For a little bit of love.

**Christmas Chimes**

Ring out, O bells, a King is born,  
And usher in his natal morn!  
Canopied by the starry skies,  
Behold the Prince of paradise.

Cradled in the lowly manger,  
King of kings, and Royal Stranger;  
The shining star that lights the East  
Guards the mighty Prince of Peace.

Ring out again that strange refrain  
The shepherds heard on Bethlehem's plain,  
When angels swept their harps of gold  
And sang of him in days of old!

Hark and hear the angel choir!  
List ye to the golden lyre.  
"Peace on earth," the heavenly train  
Bear along the glorious strain.

It soars through heaven's wide domain,  
It steals across Judea's plain;  
It breaks upon the earth below,  
That old, old song of long ago.

The song that through the ages rang,  
The song the angel choir sang,  
The song that rolled o'er Bethlehem's plain  
And taught the world Messiah's name.

## **A Merry Christmas**

Frances Havergal

"A Merrie Christmas" to you!  
For we serve the Lord with mirth,  
And we carol forth glad tidings  
Of our holy Saviour's birth.  
So we keep the olden greeting  
With its meaning deep and true,  
And wish "a merrie Christmas"  
And a happy New Year to you!

Oh, yes! "a merrie Christmas,"  
With blithest song and smile,  
Bright with the thought of Him who dwelt  
On earth a little while,  
That we might dwell for ever  
Where never falls a tear;  
So "a merrie Christmas" to you,  
And a happy, happy year!

### Little Ones

For three beginners standing in a row.

No. 1— Very little ones are we,

No. 2— Just beginning as you see,

No. 3— Yet the Christ-child loves us too,  
Just as well as He does you.

For a boy with a sprig of holly.

No. 2— I wish that ev'ry one had holly—  
It really looks so very jolly,  
Its shining berries seem to say—  
“We stand for merry Christmas day.”

For a little girl with holly wreath.

No. 3— If Jesus had not come to earth  
There would have been no Christmas Day,  
No little gifts to show our love,  
No holly wreaths so bright and gay,  
And many children would be sad,  
Who now are full of joy and glad.

### The Angel's Message

Margaret Sangster

In the fields the flocks were sleeping,  
White as snow;  
Through the town the night was creeping  
Far below;  
And the shepherds, ever faithful  
To their charges dumb,  
Waited in the cold and darkness  
For the dawn to come.

When above them shone a glory  
Soft and bright,  
And they heard an angel's story  
Through the night.  
"Peace on earth," it was his greeting,  
"Peace to men, and do not grieve,  
For your Lord is sent among you  
On this blessed eve."

Then he left, but in his footstep  
Glowed a star;  
And the wise men saw and followed  
From afar.  
To a stable cold and dreary  
Safe it led their faltering way,  
For within their Christ was lying  
In a manger filled with hay.

And the shepherds and the wise men  
Did adore,  
While they knelt in silent rapture  
On the floor.  
For their Lord had come among them  
To redeem the world from sin.  
Shall we not, too, on His Birthday,  
Cleanse our hearts and let him in?

## December

Nancy Byrd Turner

This is the month that Christ came down,  
To Bethlehem, that little town.  
Of all the year it is the best,  
Because of that wee guest.

## Offerings

### *First Child—*

Wise men brought their gifts of old,  
Frankincense and myrrh and gold,  
Joyfully their best did bring,  
Offerings to the new-born King;  
And, though we've no treasures rare,  
We may yet their gladness share;  
At his feet we, kneeling low,  
Yet may some sweet gift bestow.

### *Second Child—*

Frankincense of Love's service sweet  
I here with joy lay at his feet;  
No other gift have I so rare,  
And most for this my King would care.

### *Third Child—*

Myrrh of grateful praise I bring  
For the mercies of my King;  
All I am, all I may be  
Shall be his who loveth me.

### *Fourth Child—*

Gold of a conscience clear  
I bring to him;  
A faith that brings him near,  
That grows not dim.  
Though shadowed oft the way,  
I'm not alone;  
Through all life's fitful day  
He keeps his own;  
And so to him I bring  
My life, my all;  
I'm safe with Christ my King,  
Whatever may befall.

**"A Manger is Our Throne"****Margherita Hamm**

Not to a throne of gold, where glittered many a gem,  
Such as upheld in days of old, with orb and diadem,  
The Babylonian king,  
Do we our homage bring.

Not to a chair of state, where cloth of purple dye  
Proclaimed the august potentate of Roman majesty,  
Do we with hearts that yearn  
Our thoughts and feeling turn.

Not to a jeweled stair of canopied divan,  
Where Haroun, wise beyond compare, ruled o'er afrit,  
And spirit of the sea, [man,  
Bend we the humble knee.

The brown Euphrates sweeps, where once Belshazzar  
trod;  
The grass grows deep and mosses creep, where Caesar  
strode, a god,  
And savage creatures sport  
In mighty Haroun's court.

A manger is our throne, and round it wondering kine  
Are courtiers. Guardless and alone a child within that  
Out stretches in his hands [shrine  
A scepter o'er all lands.

Riches and power decay and swiftly are forgot;  
E'en wisdom wanes and dies away the same as tho' 't  
But in the resistless tide [were not,  
Christ's love shall e'er abide.

**Christmas Morning****James Buckham**

Early in the morning,  
Still as still could be,  
Downstairs I came stealing  
To the Christmas tree.

Faint, the light was burning,  
Hushed, was all the house—  
Just my bare feet rustling  
Softly as a mouse.

Then I looked about me—  
Oh, the wondrous sight!  
All that I had dreamed of,  
Longed for, day and night.

Oranges and apples  
Shining in the tree,  
Yards and yards of popcorn  
Hanging down for me;

Bags of colored candy;  
Balls with rubber strings;  
Lambs and dogs and elephants—  
Lots and lots of things.

Best of all, a dolly  
In a truly bed,  
With a truly pillow  
For her shiny head.

Guess old Santa heard me,  
When I said my prayer  
For a doll with teeth, and  
Lots of golden hair.



## The Cathedral Cloisters

By May L. Restrick

Musing in the moon-lit cloisters,  
Ghost-like shadows, flitful, play!  
Phantom forms, familiar, pass me,  
Visions as of yesterday!

Through the dim, arched, pillared portals,  
Comes the sound of voices sweet!  
O'er the hard resounding pavement,  
Comes the tramp of many feet!

Now the white-robed choirs are singing  
Angels' songs on earth again!  
Sweet the Christ-Child's message bringing,  
Peace on earth, good will to men!

## Christ Is Here

Rev. William Brunton

Give it your love and help and cheer,  
Its heavenly faculties unfold;  
And lo! again the Christ is here,  
As in the happy days of old.

Let Love that in a manger lay,  
While watchful shepherds to Him came,  
In all our homes be seen today,  
And worship in our own child's name.  
"As thus ye did it to the least,  
To me ye did it," we are told.  
So keep today the Christmas feast,  
As in the happy days of old.

## The Pilgrims

CHARACTERS—The Keeper of the Gate—and a band of small children dressed as pilgrims.

The Keeper of the Gate in loose white robes and angels' wings.

The band of pilgrims in dark robes with scrip and cup—rope girdles—hoods to the robes.

A representation of heavy gates is placed across the platform—they are swung open at the lines—

The Everlasting Gates themselves  
Shall open to Faith and Love!

*The Pilgrims Knock at the Gates—*

*Keeper of the Gates—*

“Now, who are ye who knock so loud  
And boldly at the Gate?”

*Pilgrim leader—*

“A band of little Pilgrims, Sire!  
The hour is growing late  
We've journeyed far toward Paradise!  
Fain would we enter in!”

*Keeper—*

“And have ye led a godly life—  
And kept yourselves from sin?”

*Leader—*

“Nay, Sire! not so! Yet have we striven  
To follow Christ—the Lord—  
To walk with Him in all His ways—  
To sing His praise abroad!  
And we have faith that He will let  
His little children in  
Altho' we've strayed from Wisdom's ways  
And journeyed oft with Sin.”

*Keeper—*

“Why do ye trust the Lord Christ thus?”

*Leader—*

“Because we know our Lord—  
Because He oft hath talked of us  
When He hath walked abroad—  
And He hath said — “Forbid them not  
That they should come to me!  
Suffer the little ones to come!  
The Lord Christ biddeth thee!”

*All the Pilgrims in concert—*

So, trusting in His word to come  
To reign with Him in Heaven!  
We know our Lord will let us in!  
We feel our sins forgiven!  
And He hath said — “If we have faith  
Mountains we shall remove!—  
The Everlasting Gates themselves  
Shall open to Faith and Love!”  
And see! the Gates are opened wide!  
He bids ye let us in!”

*Keeper—motioning them to enter—*

Enter! for ye are pure in heart!  
His Kingdom ye shall win!

*Chorus of Angels beyond the Gates—*

Welcome, little Pilgrims! Christ hath been your stay!  
While ye journeyed on the Earth—He hath led the way!  
Christ hath died to save you — you His children dear!  
Enter in to reign with Him — enter without fear!  
Welcome, little Pilgrims! Jesus bids ye come!  
Welcome to His Paradise — to your Heavenly Home!

**Her Christmas List**

A squeaky lamb for Baby Bell,  
A lovely vase for Mother;  
A doll for Madge, a book for Nell,  
A Teddy bear for Brother.

A dainty cap with ribbons blue  
Will make Grandmother glad:  
A pair of gloves for Aunty Sue—  
But — what can I give Dad?

Of handkerchiefs he has a score;  
And such a lot of ties!  
To go and buy any more,  
Would surely not be wise.

He has a muffler for his neck,  
He has a fountain pen;  
He will not use a lounging-coat,  
But that's the way with men!

He has a new umbrella, too;  
He has just everything!  
Oh, dear, I don't know what to do—  
He will not wear a ring!

A squeaky lamb for Baby Bell,  
A lovely vase for Mother;  
A doll for Madge, a book for Nell,  
A Teddy bear for Brother.

A dainty cap with ribbons blue  
Will make Grandmother glad;  
A pair of gloves for Aunty Sue—  
But — what can I give Dad!

**Christmas**

We come with songs of gladness  
This Christmas morn :  
To save from sin and sadness  
Was Jesus born.

There was no eye to pity  
No arm to save :  
But His pure eye had pity,  
His arm could save.

So He, the Lord of Glory,  
Took human form ;  
Entered our life most lowly  
And felt its storm.

He loves us and His blessing  
Is ours today,  
And we His love confessing  
Would own His sway.

Thru all the earth His praises  
Shall yet be sung :  
His love — its beauteous phases  
In every tongue.

Kingdom and power and glory  
To Christ, our Lord,  
Join, happy saints made holy,  
The grand accord.

O glory, glory, glory,  
To Christ, our King !  
In places high and lowly  
Let joy-bells ring.

## The Elves of Christmas

By Lilla T. Elder

At night, when all the world is sleeping,  
And all its candles are snuffed out,  
The elves from Christmas Land come peeping,  
Creeping, peeping, all about.

In all the houses they go spying,  
Climb up to all the beds to see  
If, underneath the cover lying,  
A child at rest may be.

And when they find one, to the house-top  
They scamper fast as elves can go,  
And with their hammers notch the chimneys;  
To show that there's a child below.

Then Santa, when he makes his visits  
To boys and girls on Christmas Eve,  
Knows, just by looking at the chimneys,  
Which house to visit, which to leave.

And if he finds more than one nicking,  
He knows *that* child's been *very* good,  
And crowds into the waiting stocking  
All it can hold, as Santa would!

So, children, if you wake and listen,  
When nights are long and cold and dark,  
You'll maybe hear the fairy hammers  
Upon your chimneys make their mark.

*Tap-tap, tap-tap!* Count well the nickings!  
If two or three, you need not grieve  
Lest Santa may not fill your stocking  
Way to the top on Christmas Eve!

## Merry Christmas Day

By E. Louise Umlauf

Jingle go the sleigh-bells

On a snowy day;

Merry are the children

As they ride away.

Good old Jim and Dobbin

Fly uphill and down;

Soon they bring the children

All the way to town.

Stores are full of good things;

In the windows bright

Christmas toys are shining

In the morning light.

Girls come back with boxes

Full of splendid toys;

Loaded down with candy

Are the merry boys.

Jingle go the sleigh-bells,

Faster flies the snow;

Wise old Jim and Dobbin

Know just where to go.

Down a lonely alley

Go the jingle bells;

Little ragged children

Each the other tells.

Soon their faces brighten

As our girls and boys

Load them down with candy

And the lovely toys!



Jingle go the sleigh-bells  
On the homeward way,  
With the children shouting,  
"Merry Christmas day!"

## Christmas Gifts

Frances Havergal

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Ps.68:18

Christmas gifts for thee,  
Fair and free!  
Precious things from the heavenly store,  
Filling thy casket more and more;  
Golden love in divinest chain,  
That never can be untwined again;  
Silvery carols of joy that swell  
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell;  
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee  
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea;  
Diamond promises sparkling bright,  
Flashing in farthest reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,  
Grand and free!  
Christmas gifts from the King of love,  
Brought from His royal home above;  
Brought to thee in the far-off land,  
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.  
Promises held by Christ for thee,  
Peace as a river flowing free,  
Joy that in His own joy must live,  
And love that Infinite Love can give.  
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts  
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts!

### Christmas Questions

- 1 — Why ring the bells this Christmas morn?  
2 — They tell the world that Christ is born!
- 1 — Why do you all rejoice and sing?  
2 — Because He is our Christ—our King!
- 1 — What is this hymn you shout abroad?  
2 — Glory to Christ—the Son of God!
- 1 — Why is this praise unto Him given?  
2 — He came to Earth from highest Heaven!
- 1 — Why did He come to Earth below?  
2 — To save us all—He loved us so!  
    He made our hearts all pure within—  
    He saved our souls from Death and Sin!
- 1 — How did He make your souls all pure?  
2 — For us He made atonement sure!  
    For us He suffered pain and loss—  
    For us He died upon the Cross!
- 1 — And did He die for such as me?  
2 — Yea! He did die to set all free!  
    “Free from the chains of Sin and Death!”  
    As His beloved Disciple saith.
- 1 — What are Disciples? Who are they?  
2 — All who the will of God obey,  
    Worshipping Christ—the Son of God—  
    Spreading His tidings all abroad.
- 1 — Christ died for me! I feel 'tis true!  
    I would be His disciple, too!  
    I would obey the Christ—the Lord,

Spreading His tidings all abroad!  
Worshipping Him, in Christ I'll live!  
Lo! here my heart to Christ I give!

### Immanuel

O, ye heavens, bend and see  
All that Love hath done for me!  
See this holy infant head,  
Pillowed on a manger bed;  
Like a Lamb in Bethle'em's stall,  
Slumbers He, the King of all.  
Bitter smart rends His heart,  
Who is He? God is He.  
God and man in one, is He.

Come, ye angels, hither, all;  
Come to Bethlehem's humble stall;  
Come, confess, without dismay,  
Whose dear Son is born today,  
Helpless, poor. Is this your Lord?  
Dost believe this Child God's Word?  
Without a throne, without a crown.  
Who is He? Man is He.  
God and man in one, is He.

O, ye people, enter in;  
For you, lost ones, dead in sin,  
This pure child is born today,  
Born, to take your sins away.  
Yes, your Saviour lieth here,  
Heaven's King, earth's Conqueror.  
Lowly birth, poor of earth;  
Who is He? God is He.  
God and man in one, is He.

## Ring Out, Wild Bells

Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## A Christmas Conversation

By Bernice Powell Peabody

Hello, Central dear, give me Northland 28.  
What! Twenty-five! Why, they raised high the rate!  
Ho there, now, old Santa! 'Tis Sandman that speaks  
Bad news, my good sir, I fear that I wreak:  
For I have discovered a plot that's so bold,  
I tremble to think it must even be told.  
'Tis laid 'neath the roof of the green-gabled house,  
At the Sign of the Dog, and the Cat, and the Mouse.  
Young Bob and Twin Betty have sworn they will keep  
As silent as mice till the folks are asleep,  
And then the hall stairway to creep slowly down  
In nice cozy slippers and woolly nightgown;  
And there by the fireside to sit and to wait  
For an old chap called Santa, no matter how late;  
And never to show by a word or a sign  
That they have been known to be dear friends of mine!  
It grieves and it troubles me just a wee bit,  
And this is the truth, as I frankly admit,  
That after I've cared for them all these long years,  
Two thousand odd nights, the young rascally dears,  
To think they'd go back on an old pal like me,  
It makes me quite sad, as you plainly must see,  
And so I bethought me perhaps you could make  
Your trip to Bob-Betty's to come very late,  
So far in the night and the darkness that they,  
While drowsily watching the Fire Fairies play,  
Would never once know that I crept slowly out  
Awaiting to give all the Wide-Awake rout;  
And if you'll but do this, you'd better believe  
I'll sand down those youngsters, come Christmastime eve!

## The Message of the Candles

Helen Louise Sherwood

Groups of three or more children are preferable to one child. They are dressed to represent candles. The costumes are easy to make. Take two strips of cheesecloth cut long enough to escape the floor and sew up on both sides like a pillow case. This is slipped over the child's head and tied around the neck. The caps are of orange crepe paper, cone-shaped, with a few touches of red at the top to imitate flame.

*All—*

Little candles bright are we  
Sparkling on the Christmas tree;  
Children raise a happy shout  
When our little lights shine out;  
Dance and sing and laugh with glee,  
When we twinkle on the tree.

*First Group—*

White the light of Christmas peace—  
In its rays all quarrels cease.

*Second Group—*

Red our candles glow with love,  
Sent at Christmas from above.

*Third Group—*

Christmas hope is ever seen  
When burn bright our candles green.

*Fourth Group —*

Truth, the thought we bring to you  
In the light of candles blue.

*Fifth Group—*

Warmth and light and Christmas cheer  
In our yellow flames appear.

*All—*

Shining on the Christmas tree,  
Happy thoughts we bring to thee;  
Ever may our memory throw  
O'er the path on which you go  
Light, by which the Christmas cheer  
May be yours throughout the year.

**Old Christmas Returned**

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,  
Come here is good news for to pleasure your mind,  
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,  
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse;  
Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind  
And show that we ought to our neighbors be kind,  
Inviting each other for pastime and sport,  
And where we best fare, there we most do resort;  
We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

All travelers, as they do pass on their way,  
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,  
Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest,  
Since that he must be Old Christmas's guest;  
Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

—*Old Carol.*



## The Christmas Spirit

Christmas is a holy time,  
Kept in every land and clime,  
Homage unto Him we give,  
Christ, who died that we might live.

Friendship give to those oppressed  
May they all be ever blessed,  
Give to those now old and weak,  
But no praises we must seek.

Spread good-will without delay  
On this joyous Christmas day,  
For Christ loves a cheerful giver,  
Whom his teachings doth deliver.

Let us show the Christmas spirit  
Let us learn it; Let us live it.  
Shout glad-tidings thru the glen,  
Peace on earth good will toward men.

## Free Gifts

Did you ever think, in this happy world,  
How many things are free;  
How many things that are dear and sweet  
Are ready for you and me?  
They do not charge to wade in the brook,  
Or drink from the bubbling spring.  
The birds sing songs that are free to all,  
And the blossoms their perfume fling.  
The warm rains water the garden beds,  
And the kindly snow provides  
A host of pleasures in wintertime,  
With snowballs, coasts and rides.

The stars and the moon light up the dark,  
And the wayside tree gives shade.  
Oh, how many gifts are free to us all  
In this beautiful world God made!

## For the Christmas Tree

Martina G. Owen

When the thoughtful mother is selecting presents for her child's Christmas tree she considers the effect on his character as well as the probable amount of pleasure which he will derive from their possession. While the exact nature of each purchase must be decided by the mother herself, a few general principles will help her to make wise selections.

The toy or game should be one which can be used in many ways; something which will develop imagination and resourcefulness and which will make sustained attention necessary. The mechanical toy, while amusing for a moment, will contribute nothing to the development of character. A box of building blocks for the boy; a tiny trunk for the girl, filled with scraps of linen, lawn and cretonne which may be made up into curtains, pillows, and bed and table linen for her doll house; plasticene for modeling; paints, scissors and colored paper; a toy cooking set with a miniature kitchen range; a barn with its family of animals—these are but a few of the many packages which may profitably find their way to the Christmas tree.

The gift should be something which can be shared. It should enable its owner to say to his playmates:

"Won't you come over this afternoon and we will play with my new tea-set" or box of tools or whatever else has

been received. The toy which cannot be shared fosters selfishness. That which can be enjoyed by a circle of his little friends as well strengthens generosity and the habit of taking thought for others.

The ideal child's Christmas gift is not fragile. With ordinary care it should last for the year at least. The giving of this care—the sense of ownership which comes from continued possession—the joy derived from the discovery of each of its new possibilities—these benefits can never be derived from the flimsy gift which is in fragments by New Year's Day.

### **The First Christmas**

Once a little baby lay,  
Cradled in the fragrant hay,  
    Long ago on Christmas;  
In the manger it was found,  
And the white sheep stood around,  
    Long ago, on Christmas.

Led on by the shining star,  
Shepherds sought him from afar,  
    Long ago on Christmas;  
And the wise men came, they say,  
All their loving gifts to pay,  
    Long ago, on Christmas.

And today the whole glad earth,  
Praises God for that Child's birth,  
    Long ago, on Christmas;  
For the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Came to bless the earth that day,  
    Long ago, on Christmas.

**Old Year — New Year**

Now the year is nearly done,  
Child, what shall we say?

Soon there'll be another one  
To meet us on the way.

Now the year is nearly past.  
Dear, what shall we do?

Love it long as it shall last,  
Then turn to love the new!

**The Voice of a Star**

By Will Carleton

Dark night her tent once more unfurled, on Power's first-  
century home,  
Upon the marble heart of the world—the great, grand  
city of Rome.  
And hushed at last were the chariot-tires, and still the  
sандаled feet,  
And dimmed the palace window-fires, on many a noble  
street;  
And to a roof a maiden came, with eyes as angels love,  
And looked up at the spheres of flame that sofely gleamed  
above.

She gazed at them with a misty eye, and spoke, in accents  
sad:

“O tell me, gold-birds of the sky! if ever a voice you had,  
Is Justice dull from a palsy-stroke, and deaf, as well as  
blind?

Else why must e'er the heaviest yoke be placed on woman-  
kind?

Why should the solace of man's heart be oft his meanest  
slave?

Why is her life e'er torn apart, by those she has toiled to  
save?

"Why should the mold of the human race be crushed and  
thrown away,

Whenever it lacks the outward grace that woos the  
stronger clay?

Why must the mothers of men be bought and sold like  
beasts that die?

Why are they scourged for little or nought, and barred of  
all reply?

Why are we women of Rome e'er told that we should  
happy be,

Because not kept like flocks in fold, as those across the  
sea?

"Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Must not our  
conscience speak?

Say, must our souls be dumb or blind, because our hands  
are weak?

Must we be ever the laughing-stock of men's fond, fickle  
heart?

Were we but born for Fate to mock—to play a menial  
part?

Must all our triumphs be a lie—our joys in fetters clad?  
Oh, tell me, gold-birds of the sky—if ever a voice you  
had!"

Then from the east, a new, bright star, flashed to her  
flashing eye,

And seemed to speak to her from afar, with soft and kind  
reply:

“Why weep, fair maid, upon the eve of victory’s coming  
morn?

It is o’erstrange, for one to grieve, whose champion’s to  
be born!

Tomorrow, a new king appears, with dimpled, mighty  
hand,

And He shall rule a million years, o’er many a kingly  
land.

“His mother a queen the world will see, whose reign doth  
e’en endure;

All women shall His sisters be, whose ways are just and  
pure;

A woman’s fault shall not be her death, by men or angels  
seen;

Repentance, and His God-strewn breath, shall grandly  
step between.

A woman’s fame, by merit won, shall add to her queenly  
grace,

And higher, as the years march on, shall be her destined  
place.

“And four great words the world shall see, enwoven with  
man’s life:

Mother and sister two shall be—and two be daughter and  
wife.

It shall be felt that she whose care the lamp of thrift  
makes burn,

Can take him with an equal share of all their lives may  
earn:

That she whose soft and healing hand can soothe, with  
blessing bright,

Is no less great, and true, and grand, than he who leads  
the fight.”

Like one who through the woods may grope till light  
comes to his eyes,  
The maiden thrilled with newborn hope, and seized the  
glad surprise;  
The voice of the star she understood; its glorious mean-  
ing knew;  
And all her dreams of woman's good, seemed likely to  
come true.  
And when again the twilight gray was brightened by the  
morn,  
Within a manger far away, the infant Christ was born.

### His Manger Throne

Charles Coke Woods

The world was old and stooped and gray,  
Back in the desert years,  
When swords and tyrants had their way,  
And faith was slain by fears;  
Forth from no singing throat of gold  
Came songs of Christmas cheer;  
Nor man could break the strangle hold  
Of death and doubt and fear.

God sent his angels down one day,  
To build a Manger Throne,  
When his old world so stooped and gray—  
Death-sick and full of moan,  
Broke into song, and hushed the wail,  
To see the throne arise—  
To hear the angels tell love's tale,  
In music of the skies.



With swordless hands God's angels built  
The Manger Throne so great  
That righteousness has routed guilt,  
And love has conquered hate;  
The prince of Peace our dark has sown  
With radiance replete,  
Before his splendor night has flown,  
And death dies at his feet.

His Manger Throne all thrones shall sway,  
In justice and in ruth,  
When love shall rule the world's wide day,  
And power shall wed to truth;  
The Christ shall reign on land and sea,  
With freedom's rule of right,  
When darkness shall take fright and flee  
From skies aflame with light.

### Christmas Sunshine

Do the angels know the blessed day,  
And strike their harps anew?  
Then may the echo of their lay  
Float sweetly down to you,  
And fill your soul with Christmas song  
That your heart shall echo your whole life long.  
Jesus came! — and came for me.  
Simple words! and yet expressing  
Depths of holy mystery,  
Depths of wondrous love and blessing.  
Holy Spirit, make me see  
All His coming means for me;  
Take the things of Christ, I pray,  
Show them to my heart today.

There is silence high in the midnight sky,  
And only the sufferers watch the night,  
But long ago there was song and glow,  
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,  
And the Christmas song of the messenger-throng  
The echoes of life shall for ever prolong.

Christ is come to be my Friend,  
Leading, loving to the end;  
Christ is come to be my King,  
Ordering, ruling everything.  
Christ is come! enough for me,  
Lonely though the pathway be.

Give me a song, O Lord,  
That I may sing to Thee,  
In true and sweet accord,  
With angel minstrelsy.  
Oh tune my heart that it may bring  
A Christmas anthem to my King!

What was the first angelic word,  
That the startled shepherds heard?  
"Fear not!" Beloved, it comes to you  
As a Christmas message most sweet and true;  
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem;  
And as sweet today as it was that night,  
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.

Swell the notes of the Christmas Song!  
Sound it forth through the earth abroad!  
Glory to God!  
Blessing and honor, thanks and laud!  
Take the joy of the Christmas Song!

Are not the tidings good and true?  
Peace to you,  
And God's goodwill that is ever new!

Christ is come to be thy Light  
Shining through the darkest night;  
He will make thy pilgrim way  
Shine unto the perfect day.  
Take the message! let it be  
Full of Christmas joy to thee!

## A Christmas Message

Rev. H. H. Flick, Lit. A.M.

'Twas the grandest event in the records of time,  
When the Saviour of men made His advent sublime;  
When the Giver of life an infant became,  
Was laid in a manger, and Jesus His name.

The Incarnation of the Son of God, who for our redemption ushered in the grandest event in the history of the world, deserves our gratitude and appreciation at this Christmas season. For unto you and unto all people this child was born, and unto you and unto all who believe He was a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In the stillness of the night, to a few shepherds watching their flock in the lovely fields that slope away from the hill of Bethlehem, came the wondrous song of the angels announcing the birth of the Redeemer, saying: "Ye shall find a babe," whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, "wrapped in swaddling bands," the Saviour, Christ the Lord, "lying in a manger"; and these honest, devout men went and saw the babe; He who was from the beginning with God, who was made flesh and came to dwell among us; and they went forth and told all they had heard and seen.

Today let us bend over this infant in that manger at Bethlehem, and what strange scenes in His after life rise upon our memory.

Not yet the day is come when men shall doubt Him; not yet the hour when He must wake and weep; not yet the time has come when men shall wound Him. Rest on new born life, one day that little heart shall be riven.

Those little, tender feet are yet to tread upon the billows of a stormy lake, as men tread the solid earth. At the touch of that little, feeble hand the blind eye is to open, and the tied tongue to be unloosed, and disease of all kinds to flee away. That voice, whose gentle breathings in His infant slumbers can scarce be heard, is to speak to the winds and the waves, and they shall obey it; is to summon the dead from the sepulchre, and open the doors of the grave, that they may come forth.

Who, then, and what was He, whose birth the angels celebrated in such high strains? None other than He of whom the Prophet, anticipating the angels, had declared: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," etc.

May your hearts receive this Lord of heaven and earth, who still comes as a little child to every soul that seeks His peace — He who is the glory of the past, the life of the present, the hope of the future, who alone can solve the mystery of our being and fulfil our desires after truth, our aspirations after holiness and the longing of our hearts after peace and happiness.

Be it ours then to say, Use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose, and in whatever way, Thou mayest require. Give me pure and holy thoughts and help me to be good, kind and true; and especially on Christmas Day may my chief joy be to make glad the hearts of others by the good deeds that I can do. Here is my poor heart, an

empty vessel; fill it with Thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with Thy love. Take my heart for Thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of Thy name; my love and all my powers, for the advancement of Thy honor; and never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, Jesus needs me and I need Him, and so we suit each other.

Let us keep the olden greeting  
With meaning deep and true,  
I wish a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year to you.

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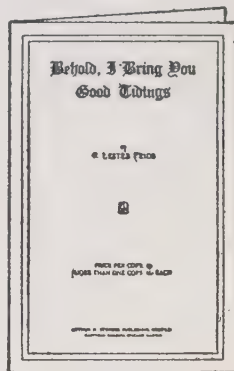
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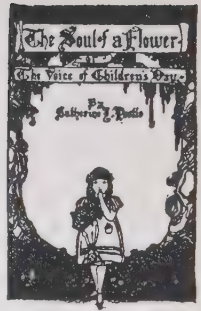
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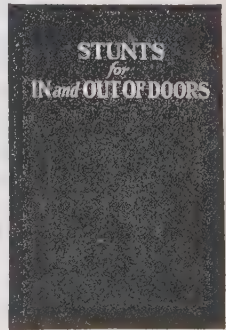
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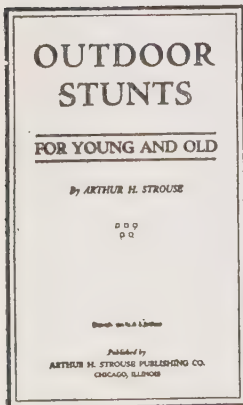
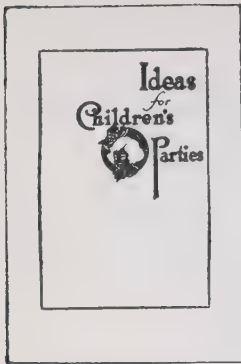
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